

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT by UPTON SINCLAIR

AUG. 14,  
1937

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ANGLE

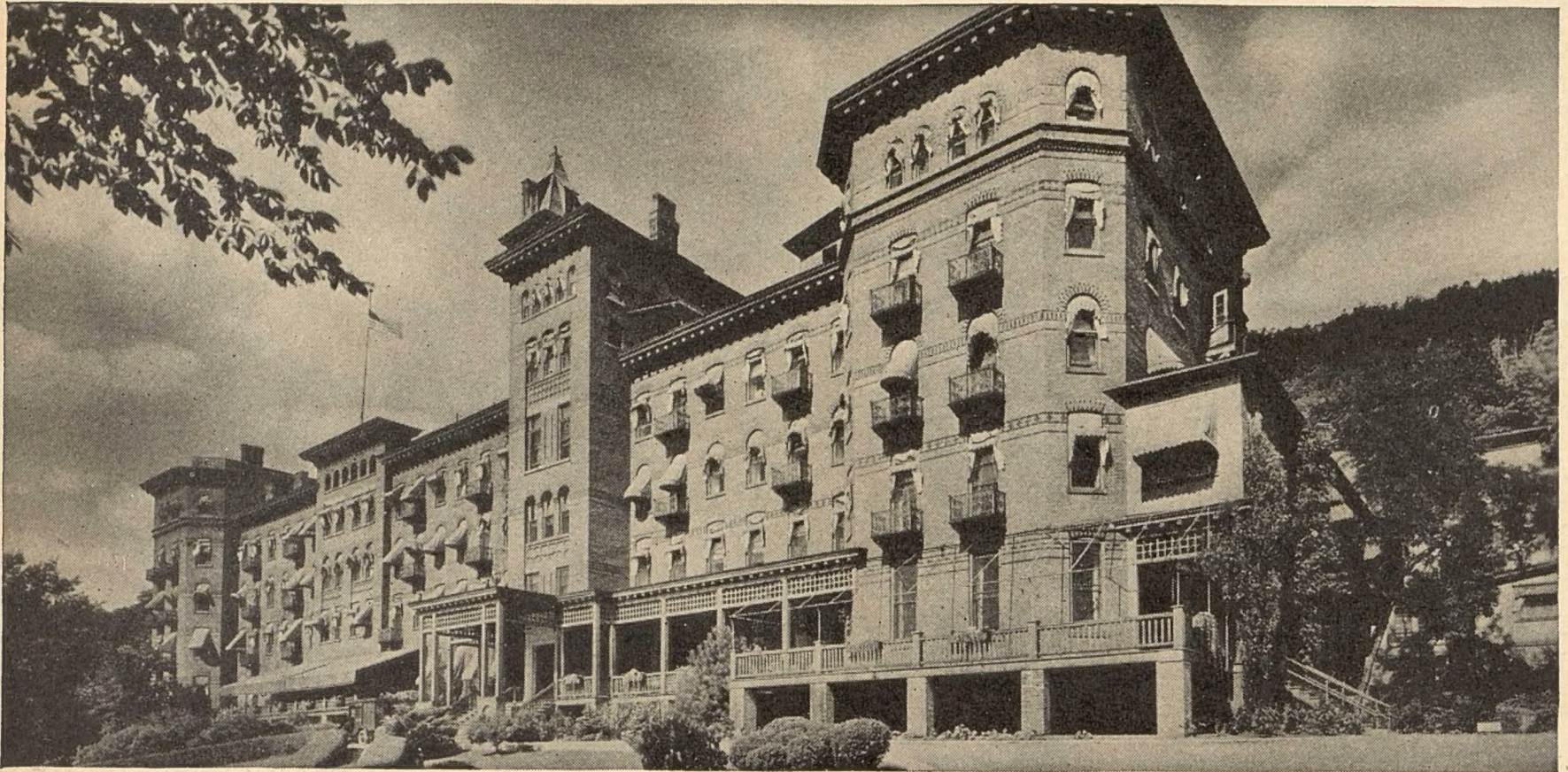
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BERNARR MACFADDEN  
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES  
ART EDITOR

# Fools RUSH IN WHERE Angels FEAR TO TREAD

**E**CONOMIC law is as rigidly fixed, as firmly maintained as the movement of the sun, moon, and stars. And the intricacies with which it is associated are so complicated that one would almost have to have the intelligence of the Infinite Being to control its variations. It is a craving for a reward of some character that stimulates human endeavor. We like to select an occupation or business in which the profits or wages are inviting.

When farm products—potatoes, milk, eggs, vegetables, etc.—are high, production is stimulated. More farmers are lured to the soil.

When any particular occupation pays high wages, more workers are automatically attracted.

When labor is scarce, wages rise higher and higher and the products of its efforts rise in price to such an extent that the demand is gradually decreased, thus bringing lowered wages and prices, which again adds to the demand.

That is the automatic up-and-down procedure of economic law which applies to the products of human activities of all kinds, regardless of their nature.

Here in the United States economic law has been allowed to follow its course. Until recent years there has been little or no obstruction of its natural variations. And under the influence of this system we have garnered wealth beyond the dreams of the wildest imagination. Wages have soared until luxuries of the rich are within the reach of the average workman.

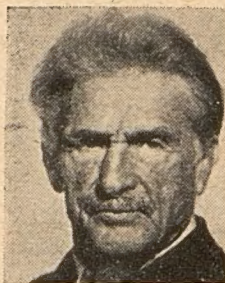
So, when we find legislators who have little or no business experience delving into the mysteries of this complicated law, and when we learn that they have acquired the impression that they possess the omnipotent wisdom necessary to solve its associated intricate problems, we can only repeat, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Long-continued efforts to control economic law will lead to disaster. When the colossal wealth of the government is back of such folly, naturally years may elapse before bringing about the final tragedy, but the ultimate end is beyond question.

The NRA with all its complications was a tragic failure.

The AAA with its ghastly wastefulness was another example of damnfoolishness, causing a loss of hundreds of millions and greatly diminishing our foreign cotton-export business.

And why mention the Wagner fiasco? It greatly in-



BERNARR  
MACFADDEN

creased the disease it was supposed to cure.

The efforts of Congress to control business by regulating hours and wages clearly indicate that it has learned nothing by previous experience.

The citizens of this country should be allowed to work as long as they choose. To tell any citizen that he cannot work more than a certain number of hours is certainly unconstitutional,

and it is certainly just as illegal to tell him what his wages must be. He should have the right to work for any wage that he may care to accept.

The desire on the part of workers to increase their earnings through unions or other measures is commendable to the last degree. But every individual is a separate human entity. He should be allowed to work out his own destiny . . . to control his own fate in accordance with his own God-given intelligence.

Business regimentation, a managed race, would mean turning out human beings like shoes in a factory . . . minus individuality. They might just as well be rabbits or chickens.

We have heard something of the five-year plan in Russia, where dozens of leaders were recently executed. Human life in that country is valued cheaply, and doubtless it was the struggle for individual expression that brought the death penalties.

Instead of trying to perform miracles in the field of business, of which many legislators know little or nothing . . . instead of trying to frustrate the automatic variations of economic law, if they would do something to compel the strict observance by high and low, rich and poor, of the laws of the land, they would perform a service which harmonizes with their oath of office and would be of incalculable value to this nation at this time.

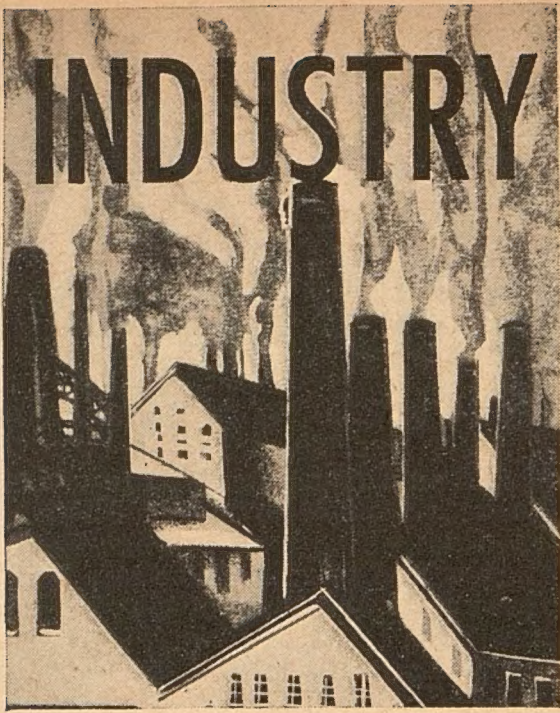
It is said that men can become so drunk with power that they lose their balance. And when in addition they are provided with capital which they did not have the ability to earn—government money—they frequently rush into rash and costly experiments. Our national debt, greater than it has been throughout all history, tells a story of waste and inefficiency that appals the average citizen.

*Bernarr Macfadden*

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# HAS INDUSTRY A Program?



From an American leader—A candid, hopeful forecast of things to come

BY C. M. CHESTER

Chairman of the Board, National Association  
of Manufacturers

as told to EARL REEVES

READING TIME  
4 MINUTES  
55 SECONDS

**H**AS industry a program? Every one wants a steady job, wants more wages, more security, a chance for promotion and possible ownership, and the better living that these things bring.

*Satisfying these wants is industry's program.*

This is not new, nor is it altruism. It pays. It pays the employee, the consumer, and the investor.

One result of it has been the building of industries and services which are the envy of the world. Another is that the American people own nearly half of the wealth of this earth. A third: The wealth has been widely distributed.

It is not intended to suggest that industry is perfect. Yet if we are to talk about improvement, suppose we begin by getting a clearer picture.

Our industrial system might be compared to an automobile—an intricate mechanism of many *balanced* parts. No automotive designer dares make a radical improvement in any one direction without calculating the effect upon the car as a whole. If there is a radical increase in power without redesign of transmission, a new model may give the thrill of faster pick-up and speed but will eventually "kick the rear end to pieces." We cannot afford to let that happen to any part of this industrial mechanism. It would harm too many million persons.

We have done very little in the way of trying to interpret the American industrial system to the public. What makes the system "tick"? The answer is that it pays *three kinds* of dividends, although only one is announced publicly as such.

The dividend which is so announced is to investors. The long-term trend has been toward lower net earnings, and investors have been receiving constantly a smaller and smaller part of the total national income.

Another "dividend," repeatedly declared, has gone to employees in the form of higher wages, shorter hours, and improved conditions.

The third "dividend" has been to the millions of American consumers, as well as to millions elsewhere. For instance, a better automobile can be had for hundreds of dollars than thousands once would buy. A few dollars will get you a better radio than those for which two or three hundred dollars was paid not long ago. I do not know how to attempt to measure that vast "dividend," which all of us receive.

This "triple-dividend policy," distinctively American, must remain the first plank in our platform. It constitutes a practical "share the wealth" movement.

We cannot approach the goal of supplying all the wants of man merely by dividing the not-enough which we have. We cannot get more by producing less, or by merely dividing the same amount of work. We *can* get more only by producing more and better goods to sell for less, so that more people can and will buy, creating more things—that should be the American formula for prosperity. Obviously that is precisely what industry

wants to do. Industry can succeed only by doing that. Industry *must* be devoted to human progress.

*Any man selected to direct an American industry today cannot be the representative, merely, of the stockholders, or of "capital." Management today acts as a trustee who has the duty of equitably dividing the benefits of industrial progress between employees, investors, and the public.*

From my contacts I know that executives look upon their responsibilities in that way. The three "dividends" must be paid. But one must not rob another. Unfortunately there is no easy formula for maintaining the balance. But it is necessary that we maintain it.

I am convinced that, to insure co-operation, industry must adopt a policy of open candor in discussing its aims, objectives, its program and its problems, and in analyzing any maladjustments or mistakes. Moreover, industry should *re-examine itself*. If there have been errors, we should search out and correct them.

To meet the recent crisis, business as a whole drew upon reserves to a total of nearly thirty billion dollars. This was used to maintain wages and employment in so far as possible; to sustain, in varying degrees, dividend income to millions who needed it; and to improve efficiency, so goods could be sold more cheaply.

Generally, hourly wage rates today are reported at about 1929 levels, though business activity is not at boom heights. Formally the National Association of Manufacturers has declared its conviction that the upward trend of wages will continue as improved production methods make that possible. Some hundreds of announcements of wage-rate increases have appeared in recent months.

We have been surprised by a study made recently which shows that within the membership of our association total employment stands at 6 per cent over that of 1929. The great obstacle to complete re-employment is the hard fact that, as compared with 1929, about 41,000 fewer manufacturers are in business and providing jobs. How, then, can we create jobs? The greatest opportunity is through the building of new industries and the expansion of existing ones.

In our own business we began to study old-age retirement eight years ago, and after a few years we put a plan into effect. Many other corporations did likewise.

I am convinced that industry's contact with government should be closer. Likewise, candid. Surely the aim of government and industry should be identical—the advancement of the public welfare.

Labor and management should have the good sense to arrive at a better understanding, so that labor can be sure of wages sufficient to live according to American standards and so that capital can make commitments free from prospects of future strife. These are not times for rifts. Unity is needed.

THE END



# Take Me Home

BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

NED WYNDAM got all the way down to the floor of the valley, past the treacherous loose rocks, before he fell. His stick caught between the last two big stones, broke in two. The jar made his wounded leg hurt furiously for a moment, but that soon went away, and he lay on the grass looking at the flower-strewn tiny valley.

"Did you fall?" a voice asked behind him.

He turned swiftly. The voice was soft with solicitude, and the voice's owner was very young and slim.

"Yes," he admitted. "But not seriously."

She continued to regard him out of solemn, deeply violet eyes, holding her little golden head to one side like a bird.

"You are English?" she asked at last.

He laughed. "American."

She continued curious. "You holiday in Switzerland?"

"Until my leg gets well. I am a newspaper correspondent."

She sat upon the ground, facing him. She was very lovely.

"What is your name?" she asked. "I am Victoria von Everhardt."

"Ned Wyndam," he said. "Von Everhardt—the steel people?"

She nodded solemnly. "Paul von Everhardt is my father. We come here at this time every year."

She was not at all his conception of what the daughter of a munitions king should be. If she must be beautiful, she should be flashy and hard. Not small and sweet as a little wind in spring.

"This is my valley," she said, looking around her happily. "When I was a little girl I found it, and I called it the Valley Where Spring Is. For my birthday my father gave it to me as a present last year."

Ned thought that spring might very well hide here all year round, in this little valley splendid with flowers, guarded by its flashing blue-white mountains. Suddenly he felt vicious.

"You must get your father to buy you a castle in Spain!" he said softly, leaning forward. "I've just come from there!"

"But there is a war in Spain!" she protested.

"It's a very interesting war, really!" he said. "And most profitable, I should imagine. People get blown up into bloody little bits. Women and children mostly. If they are in a Loyalist city, they are blown up by von Everhardt shells and bombs. But if they are in a Rebel city, they are just as effectively blown up by bombs from Simone et Cie. Which is very nice for some one, since Simone et Cie. is a subsidiary of the von Everhardt Company. Yes, Fräulein von Everhardt, I should think it likely that your father could afford to buy you another valley or two this year!"

He stopped because she had put her hands out pleadingly. Her eyes were huge and terrified in her little golden face.

"I am sorry," he said humbly. "You must try and forgive me. I have not been well."

"But those things you said!" she protested. "They are not true. You do not know my father. He is a good man, and kind. They cannot be true!"

"Perhaps I was mistaken. Now let us forget that I

ever said anything. You tell me now what you are going to do with your valley. And I'll tell you all about the novels I am going to write when I get time."

They talked happily. The sun had already begun to dip behind the shoulders of the western mountains before Ned realized how late it was.

"Good Lord, it's late! Where are you staying?"

"Hotel Seidelhorn."

"So am I. You be my staff, and I'll be your escort! All young children need escorts at this time of day. Ghosts and goblins and things come out."

She took his arm as they began the long climb to the path. "But I am not a young child," she protested gravely. "I shall be twenty-one years of age next week."

"Twenty-one!" He stared down at her unbelievably. "I, now, am thirty-four. I could easily be your father."

She frowned mockingly. "Tch! I have heard of such things, but such precocity in so young a boy hardly seemed nice to let the mind dwell upon!"

As soon as they came into sight of the hotel terrace, a strange procession started toward them. It looked like a boy followed by a long string of sausages. Ned saw it first, and drew Vicci's attention to it. Her eyes widened and she uttered a gasp.

"It is my cousin, Wolfgang von Everhardt. I have not seen him in—oh, a long time!"

The young man was walking to meet them. Slim and small, like Vicci, and golden-haired, like her, he might very well have been her brother. In a straight row behind him walked seven solemn dachshunds intent upon following their master in an ordered line.

"Vicci!" he greeted his cousin in a high light voice that was not at all shrill. "I was beginning to be afraid that something had happened to you!"

"And where do you come from, my little cousin? Surely this is not your place, this dull Seidelhorn?"

They were talking in German, and Wolf started to answer her in that language, when she interrupted him.

"But no, no, no! We must talk in English, for here is my friend, Mr. Ned Wyndam. My cousin, Wolfgang von Everhardt. Now walk back with us to the hotel and tell us about yourself!"

But Wolf excused himself, saying that he must take his dogs for a walk. He smiled and bowed to Ned, and for the first time Ned saw his eyes. Very light-gray eyes, without laughter, without youth, with no expression at all in them.

"There!" Wolf exclaimed, "I forgot, almost, what I had

to tell you. Your father has gone back to Geneva for a few days. He could not wait until your return. Indeed, he was already gone when I came."

Vicci pouted and then shrugged resignedly as she took Ned's arm and proceeded to the hotel.

"It is always so now. We are never any place but my father must go some place else."

Ned managed to keep his voice free from irony. "Business is probably very demanding these days."

"Oh, no! My Uncle Wilhelm, Wolfgang's father, attends always to business. My father is a chemist. He is no good at all for business."

Ned hesitated. "Look, Vicci—this cousin of yours—do you know him very well?"



**Romance at its best! The vivid story of a love-idyl caught in a strange web of dark intrigue**





"Did you fall?" a voice asked behind him. "Yes," he admitted. "But not seriously."

She looked at him, surprised. "When we were little we used to play together. I have not seen much of him during the past few years."

Ned frowned a little. "His eyes—if he were older, I should say he had led a very evil life."

"But he is only a child—nineteen. In Berlin one can be gay, and one hears that our Wolf has been very gay—but to be very evil and so very young! It would be hard, no?"

In the next few days Wolf persisted in attempting to edge himself between Vicci and Ned. He might have succeeded better if he had not been constantly irritating to both of them. One morning Ned had come down early and was wandering on the lawn aimlessly when Vicci spied him from her private balcony. She called to him, inviting him to have coffee with her. He went gladly.

Wolf came in when they were almost finished, leading, as usual, his battalion of squat little dogs.

"SO!" he smiled. "So early, and together already!" "Sit down and have some coffee!" Vicci invited. "It is very good. I brought it myself from Vienna."

Wolf shook his gleaming head. "Thank you, no. But I must say something."

Vicci and Ned looked at him questioningly.

"With my Uncle Paul away, I feel a certain amount of responsibility for my cousin," he continued gently. "It is, perhaps, not wise that she is so much in your company, Herr Wyndam. And in her apartment for breakfast—it does not look well!"

Vicci jumped to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"Now you may go, Cousin Wolfgang!" she said quietly.

"Victoria, it—"

"Cousin Wolfgang, you are very young. Otherwise your impertinence would be more serious."

He turned and left the balcony, his little brown-eyed company following him. Ned sat down slowly.

"I am sorry, Ned," Vicci said.

He grinned. "Don't be silly. But I wonder if there is anything in what he said? I've been out of civilization too much to be a good judge of what one should or should not do."

Vicci's eyes were hurt. "One should not do anything that is wrong," she said.

He grinned again. "Let's skip it. How about us two going for a walk this afternoon? I've got to work this morning."

She reached over and put her little hand on his.

"Ned, you are very nice, and I love you."

Ned knew the wide scope given to the word "love" in German, but he could not help flushing uncomfortably.

Work did not go very well that morning; he could not concentrate. At eleven, he gave it up, lit his pipe, and went down to the terrace. He arrived just in time to see Vicci getting into Wolf's expensive disreputable-looking German roadster. Wolf was already at the wheel.

Vicci saw him and got out again, calling and waving. He strolled over to them and caught a fleeting glimpse of the expression on Wolf's face before the boy changed it into a smile. Savage, almost murderous.

"Wolf has been very nice and has apologized," Vicci smiled. "We were going for a ride. Won't you come with us?"

Ned shook his head, and then changed his mind.

"Thanks! It might be nice to see a bit of the country!"

Wolf tried to say something pleasant but only succeeded in muttering.

Wolf drove like a madman on the mountain roads. Ned was frankly afraid, but it was only when he felt Vicci cowering tremblingly against him that he protested.



"Take it easy, youngster!" he said mildly. "After all, we're not going any place!"

Wolf slowed almost to a snail's pace.

"You are afraid?" His voice was insulting.

Ned nodded. "Scared witless, if you must know!"

Vicci's little hand was cold in his and her body had not yet stopped trembling. Ned put his arm about her protectively.

"In sedentary occupations," Wolf said dogmatically, "men lose their manhood. You should, like me, live dangerously. You would not then be so easily made afraid!"

Ned flushed crimson. Then he roared with laughter. His occupation was occasionally sedentary, but one sat in such strange places! The telephone exchange in Madrid when it was under fire. And the Manchurian border in the middle of winter, with three armies wondering if one were friend or foe.

When they got back to the hotel, he carried Vicci off to lunch, with only a careless nod of farewell to Wolf.

"Let's go down to the valley this afternoon," Ned suggested. "We'll do nothing more exciting than talk about ourselves!"

There was an odd expression beneath the mockery in her eyes when she smiled.

"But that means that we will talk about you only!" she protested. "I always get forgotten very quickly!"

He grinned wryly. "I don't think I've ever talked about myself so much before in my life as I have these last few days!"

"But I love it. It is like a book, your life!"

HE shook his head determinedly. "This afternoon we're going to talk at least half the time about you. I think I shall tell you how pretty you are, and how sweet!"

He had meant the words half jokingly, but the humor left them before they were said. Her eyes, dark-fringed and violet, made them serious, made him realize that he meant them with his heart.

After lunch, they were just leaving the dining room when one of the page boys approached them. He had a telegram for Vicci. Her face paled and she clutched Ned's arm as she read it.

"My father. He has been badly hurt." Her eyes were frightened and bewildered. "He—I thought he was in Geneva, but he must have gone home. I must go to him now."

He pressed her hand. "Of course. You go pack. I'll find out about trains and things."

He led her toward the elevator, but they were interrupted by a procession of baggage-laden porters and bellboys coming across the lobby. Wolf, leading his dogs, followed haughtily. He stopped when he saw Vicci and Ned.

"I am bored here. I am going home. Good-by, Cousin Victoria. And you, Herr Wyndam!"

"My father, Wolf—he has been badly hurt! I am going to him."

Immediately the boy became all concern. "Hurt? How terrible! But you must let me take you, Vicci! It is so long by train, and there are no connections at this hour. I shall have you in Germany in half the time!"

Vicci hesitated a second and then nodded violently.

"Of course! Oh, thank you, Wolf!"

Ned opened his mouth to protest, but Vicci looked at him pleadingly.

It was not until after he had helped her into the car and waved good-by that he began to wonder. There had

been a suppressed excitement about Wolf that made him suddenly uneasy in retrospect. And there had been something else— Suddenly, it came to him. How had Wolf known that Vicci's father was in Germany? Presumably, he had not heard from Herr von Everhardt since the note Vicci had received the morning before from Geneva.

Uneasily, and yet scoffing at his own fears, he sat down on the terrace and lit his pipe. After all, the boy was her cousin.

They had not been gone more than a few minutes when an autogiro appeared over the mountains, circled around, and definitely made up its mind to land on the lawn. The terrace immediately was jammed with all the guests and the whole hotel staff, including the manager, who was an enormously fat and enormously competent Italian Swiss.

"Next thing, they'll come in parachutes!" Ned remarked to him, smiling.

The manager shrugged good-naturedly. "These busy men, they must save time. With them, every minute is

Vicci's eyes blazed.

"You may go, Cousin Wolfgang," she said.



money. Herr von Everhardt always travels in that machine when it is possible."

Ned swung around. "Herr Paul von Everhardt?"

He started running to meet the slight small figure in leather coat and helmet.

The little man stood still, his weary face and gentle eyes turned to Ned.

"Herr von Everhardt?" Ned asked needlessly. "Listen. Your daughter got a telegram saying you were hurt. She left for Germany not half an hour ago."

Von Everhardt's face went white and he swayed on his feet. Then he straightened and started swiftly for the hotel.

"We can reach her on the train. Or at the border."



Ned caught his arm. "She didn't go by train, sir. She went by car. Her cousin, Wolf—"

Vicci's father raised eyes that were suddenly terrible with fear. "Wolfgang? He was here?"

"Yes. He suggested that it would be faster by car."

"Wolf! I should rather she were with any wolf than with that horrible boy! We must stop them."

He barked commands. The autogiro must be refueled immediately. And a car must be procured. A fast car.

When the manager lumbered away, von Everhardt turned back to Ned.

"The car is for you. Will you follow them by road? I will take the plane. It is me they want. They just want her, to make me go back. I must overtake them. Wolfgang will let her go if he has me."

Ned caught his shoulder. "You'll have to tell me what is the matter, Herr von Everhardt!"

The little man shrugged resignedly.

"I am a chemist. Some months ago I made a discovery which would be of incalculable value to my firm—and of incalculable harm to the world. I told my brother of it before I destroyed my notes. He sees only the money it would bring. And now there are others who want it—not for money but for power. I do not think this discovery of mine belongs to any one, not even to the fatherland. It would be horrible in war. In my head is the only formula, and they want it. So I left Germany, because there are ways of making a man tell what he does not want to tell, and I am not a brave man."

Ned felt suddenly sick. "And now—"

"And now they have my daughter to force me back to Germany, and to make me do what they want me to do."

"Call the police. They can be stopped at the border."

The little man shook his head wearily. "You do not know my nephew. He would kill himself and Vicci before he could be stopped now. To fail would hurt his vanity, and he is very vain. That is why I must overtake them alone, and bargain with him to let Vicci go and take me instead."

The manager came up to tell von Everhardt everything was ready. The little man turned to Ned and held out his hand.

"You will do me this favor? Follow in the car, and if my daughter has been released, bring her back here?"

"But you, sir? I—"

Von Everhardt shook his head. "I have spent too long in the service of destruction. But this I promise—they will not have my formula!"

They shook hands and hurried off, von Everhardt to the autogiro and Ned to the car that was waiting for him at the back of the hotel. He was not a first-class driver, and he had a horror of accidents that dated from the days, a couple of years back, when three people with whom he was riding were killed in a crash. This time, though, he forgot his caution, and sped recklessly down the twisting mountain road.

**F**IVE minutes after Ned started, the autogiro passed over him, flying low, and he caught a glimpse of a friendly arm waving to him. He did not dare take his hand off the wheel to wave back.

It was a half hour after he had passed through Interlaken before he saw the big green car halted far below him, where the road twisted into a pass. Beside it, the autogiro was keeled over in a rutted field. It was just a flashing glimpse as the Rolls mounted a ridge in the road, but it caused Ned to stamp recklessly on the gas.

He jammed on the brakes when he drew level with the autogiro. There was no sign of Victoria. The autogiro had wrecked its landing gear. The front seat was empty. Despair settled down on him. Herr von Everhardt had not been able to secure Vicci's release.

He was going heavily back to the car when he saw the mark of little high-heeled shoes in the dust of the road, pointing in the direction the green car had taken.

When he drew even with her, Vicci was still running, trying to overtake her cousin and her father. She was so dazed that at first she did not recognize him. He jumped out and lifted her into the car, and then started again. She lay against his shoulder, crying.

"What is the matter, Ned?" she demanded hysteri-

cally. "Why did Wolf have a revolver? Why did my father make him leave me behind? Why did he go with him?"

"Hush, darling!" he said. "Everything's going to be all right. We'll overtake them. Don't be afraid."

The road left the gloomy confines of the pass and soared up a hillside, visible for almost a mile in front of them; but there was no sign of the green roadster. When they reached the top of the hill his foot sought the brake instinctively. The highway dropped sheer in front of them, twisting down the side of the mountain in a series of hairpin bends and short straight stretches that were cut into the side of the living cliff. He had just started down when Vicci clutched at his arm.

"Look, Ned! There they are! Look!"

**T**HE green car was almost directly below them, not a quarter of a mile away in a straight line, but eight times that distance by road. Ned looked down the terrible line of rock that separated the two cars. As his eyes followed the road, he saw the little sentry box by its side, far down at the bottom of the mountain. The green car was not more than a mile from the border. In a few minutes Paul von Everhardt would be in Germany.

"Look, Ned!" Vicci shrieked suddenly. "Oh, Ned, look!"

The green car was just approaching the last bend in the road, and Paul von Everhardt abruptly got to his feet. They were so near that Ned could almost see the expression on the white blur that was his face. Wolf, sparing one hand from his steering, tried to push him back into his seat. Instead, von Everhardt grasped the wheel savagely and swung with the whole force of his body. The car lurched sickeningly as it left the road at the curve. Shapeless little objects were flung from it by the force of the jar—Wolf's small brown dachshunds, dislodged from their seat in the turned-down top of the roadster.

The car leaped into the air. Then it fell, twisting, down, and down, and still down. When it hit the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, it seemed to explode in a million bright fragments and shooting flames. It seemed a long time before the sound came to the onlookers, and then it lasted for terrible moments, echoing and re-echoing among the hills.

Vicci was suddenly heavy against his side, and Ned gently set her back against the cushions, glad that she had fainted. He felt close to that point himself as he drove down the corkscrew road.

When they reached the curve where the green car had left the road, Vicci's eyes were just beginning to flicker. She whimpered like a child awakening from a nightmare and clutched at Ned as he lifted her to the ground.

He put her down gently on the grass by the side of the road, and going to the edge of the cliff, looked over. The men from the border station had already reached the wreckage and were examining it. On the dark rocks, two shapeless objects were being hastily covered with coats.

Vicci did not ask any questions when Ned went and knelt down by her. She allowed him to hold her firmly against his chest. And suddenly she started to cry, quietly and passionately.

"Hush, darling!" he whispered. "Remember, you've got to try and be like him. He was the bravest man I ever knew. You said he was good and kind. He was great also."

She continued to cry bitterly, and he stroked her hair.

"Listen, Vicci! I've got to go down there. And I'll come back in a minute and I'll take you home!"

She lifted her eyes, and they were bleakly lonely.

"Home? Where is home, now he is dead? I have no one and no place any more, now he is dead!"

"Oh, Vicci, Vicci darling!" he whispered. "You know you've got me, always, as long as you live!"

She looked at him. Through her tears there was the faintest glimmer of a smile. She got unsteadily to her feet.

"Come, then," she said gallantly. "First, we shall go down and do what must be done. And then, please, you shall take me home."

THE END



# An OPEN LETTER to President

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TO THE EDITOR:

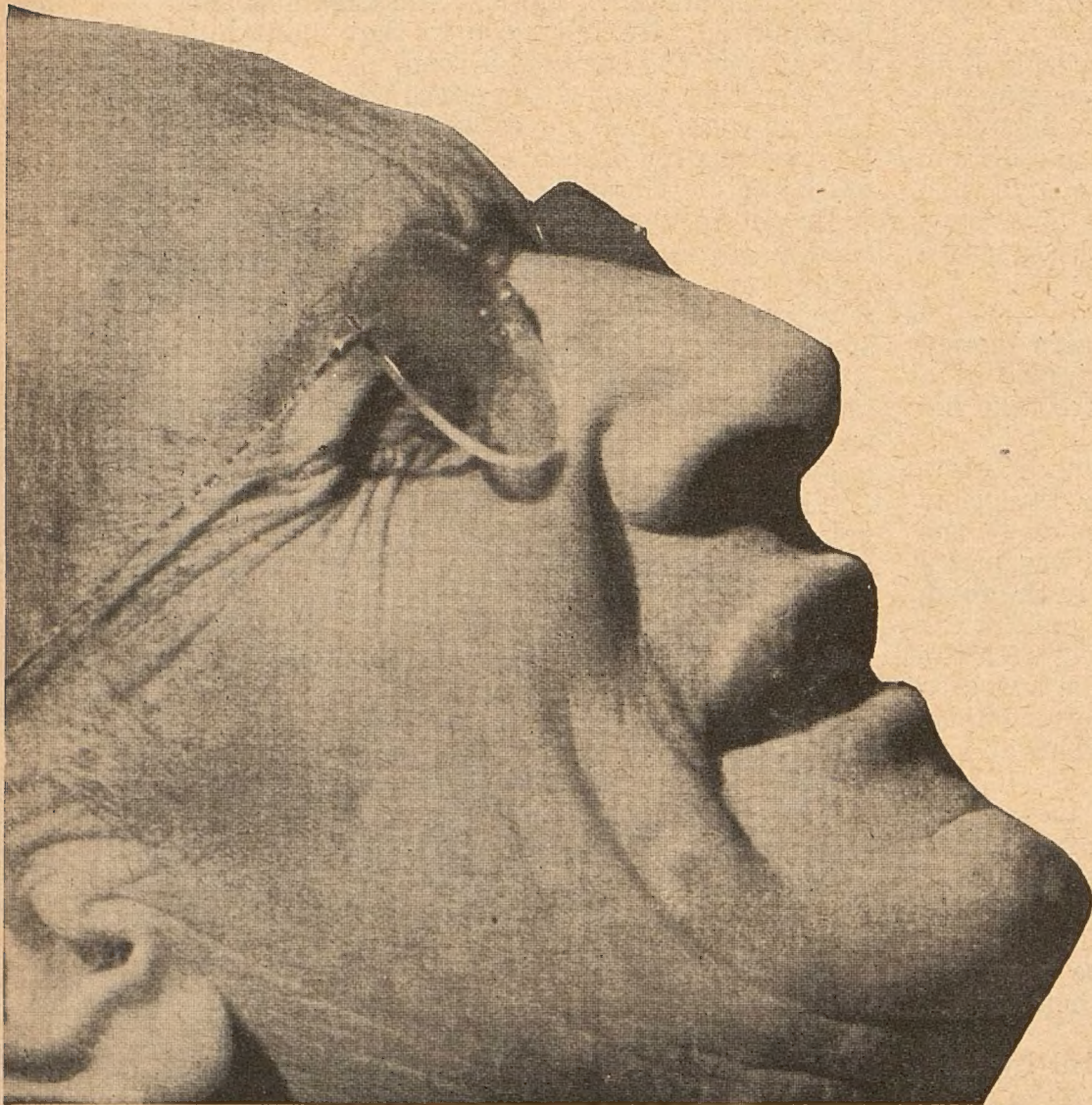
Six or seven years ago I wrote an article, *The Permanent Crisis*, in which I predicted the continuance of our problem of unemployment. This article was submitted to more than a dozen of our leading magazines—but to no purpose. Another attempt is here made to put this problem and its solution before the public.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

It is nearly three years since I had the pleasure of spending two hours in your home in Hyde Park, discussing with you the problems which confront our people. I ventured a prediction as to what our situation would be at the end of three years; and I now recall it to you, from notes which I made at the time.

Just prior to our talk I had been chosen at the California primaries as the Democratic Party's candidate for governor. For a year I had been telling the people of the state that the problem of unemployment was to be considered as permanent under our present system; that in so-called "good times" we would have ten million idle workers to support, making, with their families, about one fifth of our population; and that in the next depression this number would be doubled.

To you I said: "Mr. President, you now have twenty-five million persons to care for, and in one way or another you will have to spend at least three billions a year to do it." You replied that you were told you would have to spend five billions a year to bring back prosperity. I continued: "Let us assume that you spend this for three years. That is fifteen billions you have to borrow from Wall Street. If you give this money to the unemployed, they will spend it for food, clothing, and shelter, and it will come back to Wall Street; and at the end of the three years we shall be exactly where we were before—except that we shall be that much deeper in debt."



For liberals with common sense—A question: Is this outspoken protest liberalism without common sense?

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

I ventured to suggest a different course, as follows:

"Spend the fifteen billions as a capital investment for the unemployed. Buy land and machinery, so that they may go to work again and produce for themselves the food, clothing, and shelter they will need—not merely for the next three years but from now on. This amount is fifteen hundred dollars per unemployed worker, and our self-help co-operatives in California have proved that with this much capital co-operative groups of men and women can make themselves independent."

I went on to mention the demoralizing effects of charity, whether public or private. I argued that in setting up co-operative groups under government supervision you would be making a start at democracy in industry, training the workers in self-government and preparing a refuge for the larger hosts of unemployed who are bound to be created by the further mechanization of industry.

At the close of our discussion you stated that, not later than October 25 of that year, it was your intention to make a radio talk in favor of production for use for the unemployed. The date was seven weeks distant, and I waited for the time to pass. It did so; and on October 23 you made a radio talk on unemployment—but it was a call for more private charity. What caused you to change your mind I do not know; but I am forced to call it one of the major tragedies of our time.

The fifteen billion has been spent, and the unemployed have had food, clothing, and shelter of a sort. Those who make and sell these things have made profits, and now have them in the Wall Street banks, ready to be lent to you again. But the unemployed have nothing; and there are very nearly as many of them as on the day we talked. Estimates differ—you have not permitted a census to be taken, to give us the exact knowledge. Some say nine millions, some say ten; but for practical purposes the problem remains as it was.

The statement that you have spent five billions a year on the unemployed requires elucidation. Business Week estimates relief expenditures at \$10,700,000,000 in three years. Fortune estimates \$12,444,000,000 in three years and eight months. This includes PWA, WPA, and the CCC camps. Harry Hopkins' figures on local-relief expenditures show that they run about \$600,000,000 a year. In addition, bonus payments, shipping subsidies, silver purchases, various kinds of aid to farmers, loans on homes and to banks, a part of which the government will not get back. For purposes of this discussion it does not matter who got the money; the point is that the government poured it out to individuals who spent it, and this served to revive trade and keep



# Roosevelt

the profit system going. Later on this money will have to be taken out of the pockets of the taxpayers—unless the system is to admit bankruptcy.

The fact that you have put so-called "direct relief" back on the local authorities makes it difficult to estimate the total amount. Ten million unemployed workers means, with their families, twenty-five million persons; and five billions a year is only two hundred dollars per person. When any part of this problem is put off on states, counties, and cities, the appearance of the federal budget is helped, but the burden upon the taxpayer is not reduced by a single penny.

I do not wish, Mr. President, to lend aid to your reactionary opponents. I am convinced of your good intentions, and I appreciate what has been done in the Tennessee Valley and other power projects, and in the labors of the CCC boys. But, apart from these, your administration has expended a great deal of money and effort with very inadequate results. You have made forward-looking speeches by which the people have been uplifted. But they cannot eat speeches, nor wear them on their backs; the rain and the cold cannot be kept off with fine sentiments, nor can taxes and debts be paid with idealism. We are heading toward another collapse, compared to which that of 1929-33 will seem mild indeed.

There are signs that you now realize this danger. You have bowed before your conservative critics to the extent of trying to balance the budget. Our government starts to economize and retrench—with the certainty that every reduction of expenditure will throw new persons on to local relief! In city after city I read that funds are exhausted and the unemployed are existing from day to day. Back to the Hoover era!

But industry is booming, especially war manufactures; Wall Street is happy, having what it calls prosperity again. The basic fact can be stated in one sentence: that under your administration wages have increased ten per cent, while the cost of living has increased twenty or thirty per cent and profits have increased fifty per cent. One need learn no more in order to write the word failure across the story of your efforts and to predict that they must end in disaster.

The Supreme Court has thrown out many of your favorite measures, and now you demand the reforming of the Court. I am one who regards the Supreme Court's outlawing of measures of Congress as pure usurpation, and nothing would please me more than to see that power abolished. But I am only one of fifty million American voters, and a majority of them have been taught a reverence for the Supreme Court. Congress is deadlocked over the issue and several precious months have been wasted.

I said to you in 1934, and I now say again, that in this crisis wisdom suggests that you should find some method of procedure which the Supreme Court cannot outlaw; and, so far as I know, the only such method is that of production for use for the unemployed. You have made many grants to self-help co-operatives, and these have met with no judicial opposition. I cannot imagine any ground upon which a court could forbid you to give unemployed workers the means of producing what they themselves are going to consume. Why not take this easy way?

To be quite honest about it, the editors of Liberty do not believe that Mr. Sinclair's ideas, if put into practice, would be better for the nation than those of the New Deal. We think they would be worse. But his intelligently and genially expressed criticism of the administration seems to us to rate a hearing. He is a distinguished and valiant battler for what he regards as right, and his views are the result of a long career of pondering human problems.

By this method you will establish a new system enabling one fifth of our population to free themselves from dependence upon the fluctuations of the market. This system will train its workers and leaders; and if, as I foresee, the profit system continues to freeze out more and more of its employees, they will have a place to go, a way to exist without becoming burdens on the backs of the taxpayers. So, and only so, can we make the transition to a planned economy without the violence and loss of liberty which we have seen in other lands.

I do not know how many more years you have in which to make unsuccessful experiments. I do not know how much more of the taxpayers' money you will be permitted to spend upon blind groping in a maze. I do know that there is a limit, set by inexorable economic forces. The breakdown of the profit economy has brought the nations of Europe to the edge of another Armageddon. I do not know when they will slide in, or how soon thereafter they will drag us in; but I know that the present system is crumbling, and is dragging more and more of our people to ruin and despair. They will not, they cannot stand it forever. They will revolt, or attempt to revolt, and you will be called upon to put them down—a task which I know you will not relish.

I ask you, Mr. President, for how many years must a condition of mass unemployment continue before we recognize it as chronic? The condition is now nearly eight years old. If we agree that it costs two hundred dollars per year to keep a destitute American alive, we have spent forty billions of dollars upon our twenty-five million unemployed and their dependents. If we assume that a worker, using American tools and technique, will produce a thousand dollars of value per year—surely a moderate estimate—our ten million unemployed workers might have had eighty billions of wealth. A writer gropes in vain for words to give any idea of the mass of human misery and waste represented by such figures. Heavy indeed was the burden assumed by those persons who persuaded you to change your mind in 1934!

In the name of the twenty-five million, I ask you, Mr. President, to change your mind again.

THE END





# THE WINCHELL-BERNIE FEUD

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

THE world has had feuds and feuds.

There was Julius Caesar vs. Mark Antony; the Capulets vs. the Montagues; Aaron Burr vs. Alexander Hamilton. All fair-sized feuds in themselves.

But, as far as financial remuneration and publicity go, these comparatively minor personal differences have to take a back seat before the Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie feud. It has made both lads rich and world-famous.

The Winchell-Bernie feud started one night back in January, 1931. Walter Winchell had just gone on the air. Bernie was conducting his own orchestra at the College Inn in Chicago, and broadcasting too.

Bernie listened to Winchell and wired him:

YOU WERE WONDERFUL STOP I HAVE AN OFFER HERE FOR YOU STOP FIVE THOUSAND A WEEK FOR YOU AND THE BAND STOP SEVEN THOUSAND FOR BAND WITHOUT YOU

Walter Winchell replied at once:

DEAR MOUSETRO DIDNT KNOW YOU WERE IN CHICAGO STOP THOUGHT I SAW YOU GET OUT OF AN EMPTY TAXICAB IN FRONT OF THE LAMBS CLUB HERE

Then Winchell phoned Ben long distance and warned him of what was coming. Winchell pulled the first Bernie gag on the air and Ben replied on his own radio hour. The feud was on.

From this humble beginning, from this slightly awkward and amateurish scallion throwing, began the feud that was to become the talk of the radio-listening nation, destined to reach its high point—to date—with the million-dollar movie, *Wake Up and Live*, starring the feud supported by Messrs. Winchell and Bernie. For this film appearance Winchell received \$75,000, while Bernie got something a bit less.

Oddly enough, people have taken the feud so seriously that the sponsors of Winchell and Bernie once ordered them to cut the ribbing; but the boys finally succeeded in convincing their air bosses that the battle was entirely harmless—and a good publicity stunt.

When brickbats hit cash registers, that's another thing. And the Winchell-Bernie theory is a good one. An enemy for one is always a fan for the other. It's the perfect formula.

A check of classic Winchell-Bernie comebacks brings to light a number of masterpieces. Careful research unearths these gems:

Bernie, speaking from Chicago:

"We're broadcasting from the good ol' College Inn. I just had some swell scrambled eggs. Gosh, if only Winchell had come in, I'd have had ham and eggs."

And Winchell, from Hollywood, put this on the air:

"Old fooph Bernie needn't worry about ever running for President, 'cause how could you get that nose on a two-cent stamp?"

Then there's Bernie's now famous crack:

"Gee, Walter, you look like you were dragged through a keyhole."

Further investigation shows this immortal piece of repartee:

"Now, Walter, don't you wish you were a musician? Wouldn't you like to lead my band?"

To which Winchell replied: "Yes, right down the street—to an open manhole!"

The two have made several personal stage appearances together. At these Bernie pulls a gag Winchell cannot stop. When the columnist leaves the stage, the boys in Bernie's band whip out flit guns and proceed to spray the atmosphere.

The boys have known each other for twenty years. Ben Bernie says he first knew Winchell when Walter was a very bad hooper in vaudeville with Gus Edwards.

Here's the whole inside story of the nation's most successful hate—a gay saga of repartee, ridicule, and riches

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Winchell says Ben Bernie then appeared in a long-haired fiddler act that he hates to think about even in mellow retrospect.

Winchell was born in 1897, Bernie in 1893. Bernie's birthplace was Bayonne, New Jersey, where his father, who had come over from the south of Russia, was a blacksmith with a large family and little money. Ben's real name is Benjamin Anzelevitz. Altogether there were twelve little Anzelevitzes.

Winchell was born in New York City. As a boy he longed to be a song-and-dance man in vaudeville. He quit Grade 6B in Public School No. 184 at the age of thirteen to find a place in the theater for himself. He joined a trio known as the Three Little Boys with the Big Voices. The other little boys were Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor. Next Winchell got a job with Gus Edwards' troupe of performing kids.

Winchell continued as a hooper and a wisecracker, mostly on the small-time. Then he began getting out, for the mere fun of the thing, a little sheet, the *Newsance*. This, typed on an old battered machine, he hung up backstage in theaters where he played. It was entirely personal, presenting little items of romance and divorce, of success and failure, told where the best hot dogs could be had and what roominghouses had the best beds and the pleasantest landladies. Right here Walter began to get the knack of relating gossip in vivid fashion.

Then Glenn Condon, who conducted the official variety organ, the *Vaudeville News*, gave Winchell a chance to





# GOES ON...

write a gossip column for that publication. Walter was paid twenty-five dollars a week for the task.

Winchell began to attract attention. His news was hot, his word coinage grew steadily more colorful. About this time Bernarr Macfadden started his tabloid, the New York Graphic. One of the first specialists engaged by Fulton Oursler, the Macfadden editorial chief, was Winchell. Oursler saw tremendous possibilities in him.

On the Graphic Walter really began to hit his stride. He became the most talked about reporter in America. Next he was hired by the New York Mirror. His daily column appears in the Mirror, is also widely syndicated to other papers throughout the country.

Now Winchell gets \$1,000 a week from the Mirror, a bonus extra for a Sunday column, considerably additional for the syndication of his daily column, also \$3,000 a week for a fifteen-minute broadcast over forty-eight weeks of the year. Twentieth Century-Fox paid him handsomely for his work in Wake Up and Live and gave him \$25,000 for writing the film story Broadway Through a Keyhole.

Let me return to Bernie for a moment.

His father wanted him to be an engineer. Ben wanted to be a violinist. When his family moved to the New York East Side from Bayonne, Ben went to Cooper Union and to the College of the City of New York. But he kept at the violin.

ONE Christmas vacation he landed a job in a department-store toy department. A vaudeville agent chanced to hear his wisecracking sales talk and got Ben a tryout in a small water-front theater. Bernie made good and went after vaudeville in a serious way. That was in 1910.

Ben fiddled and smart-talked. He did a single turn for a while; was with Phil Baker for eight years; then, in 1921, organized an orchestra. He was a tremendous flop at the Montmartre in Hollywood, borrowed enough money to get back to New York with his men. Bernie had to do something—and do it quickly. He got the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, to lend \$10,000 to him. With this he organized an orchestra at the newly opened Hotel Roosevelt in New York. Ben was a hit, remained at the hotel from 1923 to 1929. He paid Rothstein the loan in full; was off on a long and successful band career.

Bernie always has been partial to the radio. Back in 1923 he broadcast from the Hotel Roosevelt over Station WJZ. He developed his air style, and was the first to kid his sponsor over the ether waves.

You know the familiar Bernieisms: Yowsah, fo'give me, tweet-tweet, I hope you like it. Bernie has a friendly, pleasantly casual manner. He smokes thirty cigars a day. "I cut to twenty-eight when I have a cold," he says.

Horses are Bernie's weakness. He always is betting on them, and says, "I have the horses just where they want me."

Bernie owns a sixty-acre farm in Coral Gables, Florida, located between the Hialeah and Tropical tracks in order that its owner may be handy to the horses.

Ben has one son, Jason, now working at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios in Hollywood. One of Ben's brothers, Herman, is his orchestra manager.

Bernie likes to golf; is a swell bridge player. He has brown eyes and brown hair—what there is of it.

Winchell is nervous, high-strung, restless, taut. He has had two nervous breakdowns. He works on an irregular schedule. Sometimes he gets up at seven in the morning, runs through an intense day without a pause. More often he sleeps until late afternoon, stays up most of the night. On this schedule he has breakfast with his family while they are eating dinner. Winchell writes left-handed, has prematurely gray hair, is slight of build.

Aside from being America's most famous newshawk,

Winchell's greatest claim to fame is his uncanny ability to coin phrases and colorful words. "Making whoopee" was one—and it has become part of our language. "Is my face red," "sexcellent," "infanticipating," and "cinemadorable" are other Winchell coined terms.

Winchell gets highly excited during his two Sunday broadcasts and is pretty tired afterward. Two trips to the mike are necessary because he repeats his earlier Eastern broadcast late in the night for the Western stations. Incidentally, he operates the meaningless wireless sounds himself.

Bits of news and odd information come to a prominent columnist gratuitously. Winchell knows how to check and verify. He has his sustained sources of information, but it is declared that he has no paid aides.

His friends? J. Edgar Hoover, the G-man chief, is one. He is proud of that friendship. Another close to him is Mark Hellinger, the columnist. Their friendly feud in print is similar to the Bernie battle on the airways.

Despite stories to the contrary, Walter Winchell is his real name, although he once spelled it with one l. Like Bernie, he is happily married and distinctly a family man. He has a daughter, Walda, and a son, Walter, Jr., while one child, a girl, died in babyhood. Winchell never drinks; he is a chain cigarette smoker.

For all his caustic comments and lively gossip, Winchell has brought down few lawsuits and encountered physical difficulties but twice. There was the ill-judged poke taken at him by Al Jolson, and the time two unknowns roughed him outside a Seventh Avenue barber-shop. Since that last episode Winchell has carried a gun and had a bodyguard.

Very soon Winchell and Bernie will be making mental faces at each other, back at work at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

"Winchell won't admit it," confides Bernie, "but he takes his screen work seriously—very seriously. Yowsah, back of that flip manner is a very real desire for screen success. Once an actor, always an actor, I'm afraid."

What does Walter think of Bernie? He says Ben is a swell guy. He says he rates him as a fine entertainer and a sharp wit—or he wouldn't have tangled with him in the first place. In brief, Bernie and Winchell are the best of pals. But even when they are together they cannot resist taking a crack at each other.

Winchell already is gagging the title of the next Walter-Ben movie, Love and Hisses. He says he is to play Love, while Bernie is to be the Hisses.

THE END





# THE SEX ANGLE

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

I'll admit our investigation of the Copeland killing was a flop, but I didn't like Cap Powers giving me hell about it.

"If you'd gone into Copeland's office records, instead of trying to tie him in with that dame, you'd have grabbed the killer," he said. "It's too late now."

Which was true. The guy who had killed Copeland over a business deal had lammed out of California, and we were going to have a tough time tracing him.

"The trouble with all you Mexicans is you've got women on the brain," he said.

I reminded him I was born in California, was an American citizen, and was married.

"It's in your blood," he said. "Smitty, your partner, wasn't sold on the sex angle until you talked him into it."

Which was also true. Smitty, my partner, had figured it was a money angle and had been right all the time.

I was pretty sore when I went out of the office, and that night I told my wife about it. My wife is Mexican, or rather Californio, like I am; and she is the loveliest woman I have ever known.

We always spoke Spanish to each other.

"Teresita," I told her, "never again will I look for women in murder cases."

"But that is foolishness," she said. "There is nearly always the woman, is it not so?"

"Yes," I said. "But never again. *Jamás!*"

And after that, whenever Smitty and I found a woman in the picture I let him figure it out and write up the report. I told him that he, as a handsome young unmarried guy who was plenty on the loose, ought to be better qualified on the subject of women than I was.

"Coming from a guy with a wife like yours," he said, "that's a real compliment!"

He was always telling me what a swell wife I had. One afternoon Cap Powers came into the squad room where Smitty and I were playing dominoes.

"A suicide," he said, giving us an apartment address over on the West Side. "At least, the man who just phoned it in says it is. Go out and check it."

The suicide, he said, was Grosvenor Willis, junior partner in the stock and bond house of Moran and Willis. It had been Moran, the senior partner, who had just phoned in the report that Willis had shot himself and that he'd found him dead in his apartment when he had gone there to see him.

"Moran's pretty close to the administration," Cap told us. "Give him a lot of service. I'll give the boys in the press room a flash."

Moran, a heavy-built guy, about fifty, whose picture I'd seen now and then in the papers, was waiting for us outside the entrance to the apartment house with

Of murder—and women. The dramatic story of a detective whose ideas of crime came startlingly home to roost

the manager of the place. "It's awful, boys!" Moran said, wiping the sweat off his bald head. "I came here to see Grosvenor on some business, and when I went up to his apartment I found him lying there on his living-room floor."

"Dead?" Smitty asked.

"Yes. He'd shot himself—though God knows why!"

"No note?"

"None that I could see. The gun was in his hand and there was a lot of blood. I didn't stay more than a minute. I came right down and told the manager what had happened."

"Was he alone in the apartment?"

"Yes," the manager answered.

"He was a bachelor," Moran said.

As we went down the hall to the apartment from the elevator, I remember a thought striking me.

"How did you get in, Mr. Moran?" I asked. "Was the door open?"

"The door?" he said. "Why—it must have been open, or at least not locked. It must have been on the latch."

"Did you ring before you went in?"

"I think I did. Yes, I'm sure I did. I remember knocking, too."

"And then, when you couldn't get any answer, tried the door and went on in?"

"That must have been it," he said. "I didn't think anything of doing that. Mr. Willis and I were business partners and friends of long standing."

Willis was stretched on his living-room floor with a neat blue hole in the middle of his forehead and a pearl-handled .32 revolver loose in the fingers of his right hand. He was on his back, and he had on a fancy silk dressing gown over pajamas. There was a lot of blood, but you could see he'd been a pretty good-looking guy. Almost too good-looking for a business man.

Back of me I heard Moran catch his breath.

"Have you called a doctor?" I asked the house manager.

"No," he said. "We could see Mr. Willis was dead."

"Call one," I told him.

The manager went out to do this, and we told Moran to wait outside in the hall for us.

"What do you think of it?" I asked Smitty, after I'd closed the door.

"Suicide," he said. "Look at the powder burn."

"What do you think of Moran? If the door was locked on the inside—"

"He says it was on the latch."

"He didn't come right out and say it was. And I've never seen a suicide like this yet, and you haven't either, that didn't lock the door on himself."

"Good Lord!" Smitty said. "Cap tells us to give this guy service on account of him being close to the administration, and now you're trying to tie him into it! That's worse than your sex angles!"

"Never mind my sex angles," I said. "You roll Willis' prints while I find the slug."

Smitty always did the fingerprinting on our details. He went to work on Willis' fingers and the rod while I went after the bullet. I was surprised that a slug from a .32 had even gone through the guy's head. But it was lying over by the hearth. I sealed it up in one of our little bottles.

Out in the hall I could hear that the newspapermen had arrived. Somebody banged on the door.

"Let 'em wait!" said Smitty.

But it was the doctor. I let him in and told him we wanted to know how long Willis had been dead. He made a quick examination.

"Not over an hour," he said. "He's still warm."

I left the doctor with Smitty and, after looking the living room over carefully, went into the rest of the



apartment. I covered room after room, ending up in Willis' room. The covers of the big moving-picture bed in it were thrown back.

I hadn't taken two steps into that room before the thing hit me—right in the nose.

A perfume. A woman's perfume. I know the difference between cheap and expensive stuff. This was expensive stuff, and the woman who'd been wearing it hadn't been out of that room so very long.

I checked over the room and the adjoining bath to see if Willis could possibly have had anything like that perfume, but couldn't find anything but a lot of toilet waters and shaving lotions.

I knew I'd recognize it if I ever smelled it again. It was something like incense. I went over every inch of the place for some other sign of a woman, but couldn't find one. Even on the bed pillows, where the perfume seemed to be the strongest, I couldn't find a trace of powder or rouge.

To hell with it, I said to myself, and went on back into the living room. Smitty had let the newspapermen in and they were popping away with their flashlights. Smitty came over to me.

"It's a suicide all right," he said. "The prints on the rod were plain, and they check. Find any note?"

I told him I hadn't. For just a second I thought about telling him about the perfume; after all, he was my partner. Then I decided not to.

"Teresita," I said to my wife that night, "you remember what I said about women in murder cases?"

"I remember thinking what you said was foolishness."

"But I said it."

"And now you have found one?"

"I am afraid so."

I told her about our investigation of the Willis suicide—if it was a suicide—and about the perfume.

"COULD you recall it?" she asked.

I told her I was sure I could, and she went into our bedroom and brought out all her own bottles. Some of them had been fairly expensive, at that; the best had never been too good for me to buy for my Teresita.

None of them was anything like it, I told her.

"It was not only an expensive but a very unusual perfume," I said.

"Would you have bought it for me?" she asked.

"No, *querida*, I would not have bought it for you. It is not like you," I said.

She kissed me and picked up her bottles.

"Tomorrow," she said, "you will be off duty. So we shall make the tour of some places where are sold expensive perfumes which you would not have bought for me."

The next day, if we hit one place looking for that perfume, we must have hit a dozen. It wasn't until we were in the

last place—the perfume shop of the swellest woman's store in town, where my wife said they fitted perfumes to your personality—that we came anywhere near it.

The stuff the saleslady let me smell had some funny French name and came at thirty dollars a bottle. A damned small bottle. It was almost the same but not quite. I tried to explain to the saleslady just what was lacking.

"I think I know what you mean," she said, and got out another bottle that didn't have any label on it. Just a plain medicine bottle. And that was it!

"It's a special mixture one of our customers orders," the saleslady said. "I'm afraid I can't sell it to you."

"It must be a very stylish lady who would order it," my wife said.

A shot in the dark. But I certainly wasn't ready for the saleslady's comeback.

"Yes," she said. "Mrs. Moran is a very stylish lady."

Clamping down hard on my excitement, I asked if she was the wife of William Moran, the big stock broker.

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN



They saw me with that drunken blonde a little after I saw who they were.



"That's who she is," she said—"the one whose partner killed himself yesterday."

"I read about it," I said.

I had to buy some perfume after that. Teresita had it coming to her.

"*Madre de Dios!*" I said to my wife, when we got outside. "It is as clear as the daylight now! Moran killed him! He found her there with him!"

"But this Willis—his fingerprints were on the pistol."

"Of course they were! Moran put them there! We establish that Moran is the owner of the pistol and—*mira!*—our case is complete!"

When we got home I took my wife in my arms to tell her how much I loved her for being so smart. Never have I known a sweeter woman to kiss. But after a little while she pushed me away and looked up at me with those big black eyes of hers.

"What would you do, *querido*," she asked, "to some one who might try to take me away from you?"

"I would kill him." I said it without thinking.

"Then what was wrong about Moran killing Willis?"

"I am a police officer, Teresita," I told her. "I have taken an oath to support the law. It is not a question of what I would do as a man, but of my duty as an officer."

"That," she said, "is the baloney. One is always a man before one is anything else."

"I WILL agree with you," I said, "that Moran had justification for shooting Willis when he found him with his wife, and the courts will take it into consideration."

"Then why must he suffer—if he had justification?"

"It is the law. I did not make it. I enforce it."

"Pouf!" she said.

It's awfully hard to reason with some women, especially Latin women. You only end up by getting them sore. We were both Americans, after all, I told her, and maybe the American way of looking at such things was the more civilized way. What good did it really do to shoot a man you found with your wife? If she didn't love you enough to be faithful to you, you didn't want her anyway, did you? Would shooting her lover give you back her love?

"Of course it would," she said. "What kind of man have I married?"

I tried another line on her. If Moran had killed Willis and taken his medicine like a man, I might feel differently about him, I told her.

"You know you would escape if you could, too," she said. "If you loved me, you would not care what happened to my lover, and you would want only to live for me."

"I have reconsidered," I said to her. "The American way is right." I was getting sore.

"Many American men would do the same thing," she said. "Moran did it."

"Nevertheless, I have reconsidered," I said. "I am an American police officer, and I shall bring Moran to justice."

"Justice!" she yelled at me. "You mean you would sacrifice a man who did what you yourself would do, merely to prove you are right! I am ashamed of you!"

We didn't sleep together that night.

And the sad part of it was I had yet to prove that Moran *did* kill Willis. The gun would have to be traced to him, and I would have to show—beyond just a smell—that his wife had been in that apartment.

I thought it all over, and at last decided to tell my partner Smitty about it. I made him promise to keep his mouth shut, before I told him.

"You want to know what I think about it?" he said. "I think you're crazy."

"But if I could prove she was there—and tie him in with the rod—"

"You'd still be crazy," he said. "You couldn't get better than second degree if you could get that. Ever hear of the unwritten law?"

I told him I knew all about it—that I'd listened to a lecture from my wife about it the night before.

"Then she's just as smart as she is good-looking, that wife of yours," he said.

"We're not discussing my wife's looks," I said. Some-

times the easy way he talked about Teresita irritated me.

"No offense!" he said, laughing. "But, no kidding, I'd lay off the sex angle in this case. Willis wasn't any good; a lot of people have told me he needed killing, and it was a fine thing he bumped himself off. I don't want to mess up a right guy like Moran, just to prove something."

"I'll think it over some more," I told him.

"That's the stuff!" he said. "And now you've got that off your mind, how about you and Teresita and me going to see that new picture at the Capitol tonight?"

I told him I would call up Teresita and let him know.

But as the day went by, I forgot all about calling her up. I was thinking it all over, like I'd told Smitty I would. The more I thought about it, the more I remembered Cap Powers giving me hell that day in his office. Finally I decided to see it through.

The first thing to do, of course, was put Moran's wife in Willis' apartment before Willis was killed. Prove the motive, and go on from there. And I decided my best bet would be the Filipino elevator boy who'd been on duty at the apartment house that afternoon. I remembered his face.

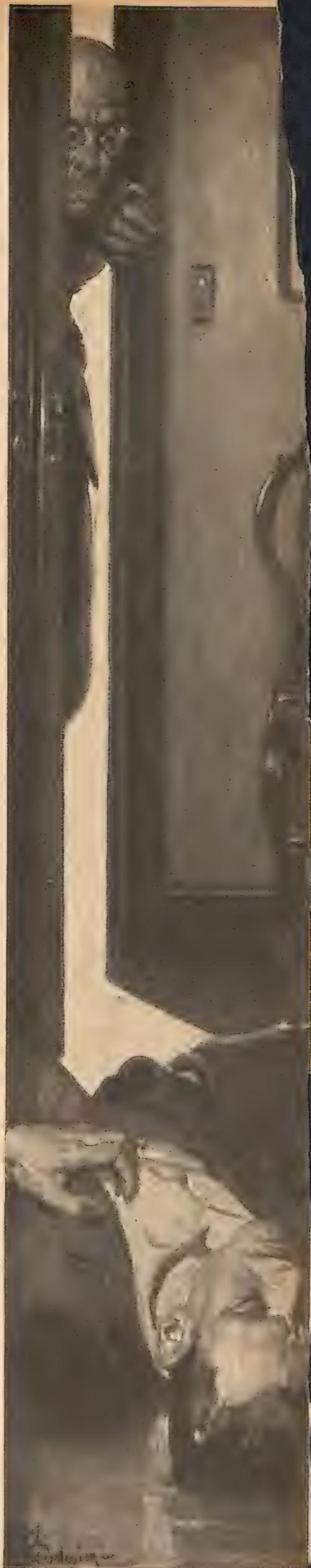
I phoned my wife and told her I would not be home until maybe quite late.

"It is a matter of no moment," she said. "I am capable of entertaining myself." It looked like she was still sore over the silly argument we'd had.

**B**UT you can't let a woman walk all over you, even if you love her.

"I am sorry I telephoned," I said, and hung up.

When I went off duty, I made for the store where Teresita and I had run down that perfume. There I fooled around for a while with the saleslady who had let me smell it and finally kidded her into giving me a couple of drops of the stuff; she was a dead ringer for Joan Crawford, I told her. I don't like to sound like a man who would depend upon his personality for success with women, but before I left that saleslady she had told me a lot of things she knew about Mrs. Moran. Nothing of any importance, except where I could get a good picture of the woman. There'd been a swell picture of the stylish



"I found him lying there dead."



Mrs. Moran in the rotogravure section of one of the Sunday papers about two weeks back, she said.

It didn't take long to pick that up.

Then I tracked down the elevator boy. I pulled the old stall on him: We were after a boy with his name and description and it was too bad he had a good job but I guessed I'd have to take him down to headquarters on suspicion. Of course, if he wanted to play ball—

The party ended with him smelling the perfume and looking at Mrs. Moran's picture. And he not only recognized the picture but also the perfume as being that of a lady he'd taken up to the sixth floor shortly after he'd gone on duty that afternoon, and had taken down again. He remembered it was three o'clock because he'd happened to look at the lobby clock!

We had answered the call from Moran at three fifteen!

He couldn't remember taking a man who answered Moran's description up to the sixth floor *before* bringing the lady down at three o'clock, he said. But he did remember taking such a man down from the sixth floor *after* she had come down.

I told the Filipino that if he knew what was good for him he'd keep his mouth shut until I told him to open it—and went home. I had the motive, cold; the next thing was to tie Moran into it.

I was thinking hard, trying to figure out what I ought to do, when I got home, about ten o'clock. I heard the piano going as I came up the porch steps, and I wondered why she was playing it if she was still sore at me. But I wasn't expecting to find Smitty, my partner, there, listening to her.

"I thought we were going to a show tonight," he said. "So I came by. No objections, old-timer, have you? I was just hanging around, waiting for you to come home."

"Why would I have any objections?" I said, thinking it was funny he would even ask me that.

He laughed and gave me a slap on the back.

"He's a good guy, Teresita," he said to my wife, "even if he has got a lot of dizzy ideas. We'll make a detective out of him yet!"

Then my wife spoke up for the first time. In English, to me.

"George agrees with me," she said, "that you're wrong in what you're doing about the Willis case."

She was calling him by his first name! That was new—

SURE I agree with her," Smitty said. "If Moran killed Willis, the guy had it coming to him. I haven't got a wife, but I know damned well what I'd do if I had one and found her with a guy!"

Teresita smiled at him. "You see?" she said—to me.

I was getting sorer by the minute. Not because Smitty was there with her; we'd talked about going to a show and she'd only been playing the piano for him, and I felt then in my heart she was true to me. But because she, my wife, was interfering that way in my business—to the point of discussing it, and me, with another man. I guess no man likes to have his wife talk over his business with another man that way.

"I have decided to go through with it," I said.

"Moran is awful close to the mayor," Smitty said. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

He fiddled around for quite a little while, saying good night to us, before he left. I walked out on the front porch with him.

"You won't say anything to anybody, will you?" I asked him.

"Of course I won't, you fool!" he said. "You can trust me, can't you?"

"If I can't trust you, Smitty," I said to him, looking him straight in the eye, "who can I trust?"

We said good night to each other, and I went back into the house to tell Teresita what was what. In Spanish!

"It is not that I mind having him spend the evening with you in my absence," I began—but she wouldn't let me finish.

She flared up. "It is clear that a man holding the ideas you hold would not mind what his wife did!"

"But I do not say you have done anything you should not have done!" I flared back at her. "And if you think

I am jealous of Smitty—or George, as you now call him—"

"He calls me Teresita. Why should I not call him George?" she asked.

"You have my permission to call him what you please," I said. "Only I forbid you to discuss my affairs with him!"

It's funny how a man and his wife can get fighting that way over nothing.

Once more I slept on the living-room couch. . . .

In the morning I left early, before she was awake. I went down to our Record Bureau, and right off I found a permit issued to Moran. The mayor himself had recommended him for it, and I found that Moran carried an honorary police badge, too. But Willis had been killed with a revolver; an automatic was registered to Moran. There wasn't any gun registered to Willis.

WAS stumped. And then an idea hit me.

I faked an excuse to get away from the squad room that morning. I said I had to go see my dentist. By ten o'clock I was out at the Moran home. I told the cook, who met me at the kitchen door, I was from the electric company and wanted to check some of the outside wiring. For an hour I stalled around with a pair of pliers, waiting for the chauffeur to come in so I could get to talking with him, and maybe bring up the subject of rods. Moran was down at his office, of course.

The chauffeur didn't show up, but something else pretty promising did.

One of the maids. A Swede, I guess she was. With a fair shape but a face that wasn't anything to get excited about. She began giving me the eye. It turned out she was Mrs. Moran's personal maid, and had a preference for guys with dark complexions like mine, and would be ready and willing at six o'clock that evening.

You have to do all kinds of things in the detective business. . . .

"Teresita," I said, when I phoned my wife, "business detains me again, and I shall not be home until late."

"Business?" she came back, kind of sarcastically.

"Yes, business," I said. How could I have told her what it was, after we'd been fighting like that?

"Very well," she said. "You have a key."

"Yes," I said. "I have a key."

And that was that. . . .

The Swede was waiting for me on the corner that evening all right. She said she was hungry, so I took her to dinner in a spot where I didn't think I'd run into any of my friends. I threw the liquor into her—enough to make her like the sound of her own voice. By the time we were eating dessert she'd even started rubbing my shins with her foot under the table; she was a hot baby, that Swede.

I worked the talk around to crime and guns and police. The police of the city were a lousy lot, I told her. Grafters and politicians. If you had enough pull you could get away with anything.

"Like these rich guys that carry police badges and can park their cars anywhere they want," I said.

It was a slim bait to hold out; the chances were she didn't even know Moran had a badge. But—she did, and told me about it!

"It's all right for a respectable guy like him to have one," I said. "But it's a good thing it don't give him a right to carry a gun." I poured some more Scotch into her glass. "Or maybe his badge does give him the right. I don't know," I said.

She killed her drink while I stuck a nickel in the slot of the music machine against the wall.

"Mr. Moran has a gun," she said. "I'm afraid of guns. Mrs. Moran is afraid of them, too."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Why talk about guns?"

I poured us both out a couple of more shots. You can say what you want about liquor, but it's often a lot of help in police work.

"I like guns," I said. "I'm not afraid of 'em. I got six of 'em! And I'll bet that's a whole lot more than your boss has got."



"He's got two," the dumb cluck said, taking the bait. "What kind are they?" I asked, reaching for the bottle and pouring myself another drink.

"You're going to get drunk," she said.

"We're having a party, aren't we?" I said. "Why shouldn't I get drunk?"

I rubbed her leg for a while under the table to the tune of that damned canned music. Then I got back on the subject again, about the difference between an automatic and a revolver. She said she didn't know the difference, so I took a fork and drew pictures of them on the tablecloth.

"That's the kind Mrs. Moran has," she said, pointing to my drawing of a revolver. "It's got a fancy handle on it. He gave it to her."

"The handle?" I asked—holding my breath.

"The whole thing," she said. "He bought it for her."

The gun registered to Moran was an automatic; Willis had been killed with a pearl-handled .32 revolver. Could Moran have been smart enough to take his wife's gun up to that apartment, figuring he might have to use it and that it wasn't registered locally?

"What does a woman like Mrs. Moran want with a revolver?" I asked.

"Search me," she said. "I think she's gotten rid of it. I haven't seen it lately."

*Where had Moran bought that revolver?*

We talked about what we were going to do the rest of the evening. Her idea was to go somewhere and dance, and then, after that—

"I don't have to be home all night," she said, giving me a silly grin and reaching for one of my hands.

I did—but I didn't tell her so. That was a bridge I'd cross when I got to it. . . .

I suggested going to a movie first, figuring the darkness of a theater would be some protection for me, at least. She thought it would be a swell idea. Any idea I had was a swell idea, she said. She was beginning to talk like her eyes looked.

"You've got to overlook my talking so much about guns," I said. "I can't help it. Guns are my hobby, baby!"

That was all right with her, she said.

"Of course, I can't afford to buy 'em new, like Mr. Moran can," I said. "I suppose that one he got for his wife was brand new."

I remember how I held my breath.

"Sure it was!" she said. "He got it for her in Chicago!"

*Dios! A night wire to the Chicago police—*

If Moran had bought that gun new in Chicago it would be the right answer—and it would be all over but the shouting. I could walk in on Cap Powers and lay it on the line. And would I make him crawl!

"LET'S get out of here," I said, when I'd gotten myself a little under control.

"Let's!" she said. "The way I feel, I could dance all night."

"I thought we were going to a show," I said.

"That's right—a show," she said. "I could go to a show all night! I could do anything all night."

I had a problem on my hands—I could see that. I'd gotten what I wanted out of the damned fool, and now it was a question of getting shut of her. Of course, she might easily be a key witness in the set-up, I realized, and would have to be nursed along.

So we went to a picture, and she sat there in the darkness beside me with her hair in my ear and her hand in mine getting clammier and clammier. Most of the time I had an arm around her shoulder; it might have seemed funny to her if I hadn't done that. I don't think I ever wanted anything so badly as to get out of that theater and send that night letter. The thing finally ended and, luckily, she was so hot on going somewhere to dance that she didn't want to stay for the newsreel.

When we got up to go out, another couple a few rows behind us got up at about the same time. In the darkness they didn't mean anything to me as we followed them up the aisle toward the lobby.

But out in the lobby they meant something to me. Everything to me! It was like a nightmare in which something awful starts bearing down on you and you can't get out of the way.

It was my wife—and my partner, Smitty!

She was close to him—smiling up into his face—

They saw me a little after I saw who they were. Saw me with that drunken blonde hanging on to me. Just as I saw them hanging on to each other—before they happened to turn around—

For a second or two they stood looking at me and I at them. My wife's face was like a stone, and God knows what mine was like. Then Smitty kind of laughed and said something to her, and they went on out.

Smitty. My partner. Damn him! Laughing! . . .

"What's the matter?" the Swede asked. "Are you sick?"

"Damned sick!" I said.

Maybe I should have gone after them, then and there—but I didn't—things were going around and around—

"It must have been something you ate," I heard the Swede saying.

I DON'T remember what I said to her, but I do remember saying something, and shoving her into a taxi, and sending her home before she got a chance to argue about it. The Moran case meant nothing to me at that point. I had my own case on my hands!

I walked the streets for a while. Then I got in my car and drove down to the ocean. No—I didn't go down there to jump off the pier or do anything foolish. I went down there because there's something about the ocean at night that is helpful. It is so big, and dark, and so careless about men and women. Your troubles don't seem so very big after you've sat alone with the ocean for a while, at night.

Thinking things over, I began to see Teresita's side of it. I had failed the poor girl with my ideas about Moran. So she was trying to bring me to my senses by making me jealous. She was doing it through my partner, with the thoughtless cruelty of a woman—especially a Latin woman. It was impossible that she really loved Smitty, after what she and I had been to each other. Impossible!

I would go home and explain everything to her, I said to myself. When she understood, she would forgive me, and I would take her in my arms and tell her—*show* her—how much I loved her! She was a very beautiful woman, and Smitty was only a man. He could not help himself.

I took time to stop at a telegraph office and send that night letter to Chicago.

And then I went home . . . to find my partner's car parked in front of my house!

Smitty was waiting for me to get home, I told myself, so he could explain matters to me, just as I would explain them to Teresita. Everything explained, everything forgiven—and the Moran case broken, as I had broken it that evening—once more the sun would shine.

But some part of me in spite of the ocean told me to go into my house quietly—like a thief.

Sometimes I wish to God I'd slammed into the place!

Because there they were—they didn't have time, even, to pull away from each other!—

The ocean? Hell—I, too, was only a man, after all!

"Mother of God!" Teresita screamed at me, as I emptied my rod into the guy. "I love you!"

And I guess that's about all there is to tell.

There wasn't a chance of making *that* set-up look like a suicide!

The right answer to my night letter came next day, and I turned myself in with it. I guess Cap Powers hasn't gotten over it yet! . . .

As for the unwritten law, it all depends on the jury that listens to your case, I think. Both of us—Moran and I—got second degree, and both of us are up here in the Big House now, with a few more years staring at us.

And—here's a laugh—we're cell mates!

We play dominoes together a lot, like Smitty and I used to, in the old days. . . .

THE END



**I**N the office of Chamberlain Brown, theatrical agent, resides a big Persian cat named Tarzan, a beautiful tawny tom with jade-green eyes. Mr. Brown's cat receives fan mail from famous actors and actresses. Alice Brady never forgets him when she writes. Stars of the stage and screen send him presents of catnip, toys, fancy milk saucers.

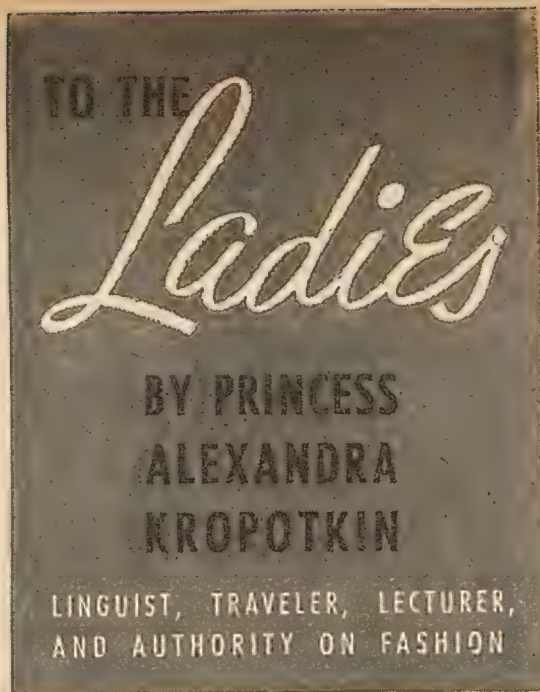
Tarzan the cat is almost as well known among theater people as Mr. Brown the agent.

Chamberlain Brown has been a salesman of the stars for eighteen years. Looking through old scrapbooks of his gave me a vivid realization of time and change. . . . Saw an old program billing William Powell as the Ghost in Hamlet . . . William Powell as Romeo . . . Helen Hayes playing little-girl parts in Washington. . . .

Mr. Brown picks 'em young, treats them gently, tells them much. A good agent educates his stars, as well as sells them. Mr. Brown's galaxy has included Miriam Hopkins, Leslie Howard, Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt, Clark Gable, Edna May Oliver, Nelson Eddy, Bill Powell, Katharine Cornell, Bert Lahr, Jack Pearl, Fritzi Scheff, George Makinson, Rita Johnson. . . . "Fritzi," he says, "is still the youngest of them all in spirit. Keep your eye on George Makinson as a coming juvenile, and on Rita Johnson as the natural successor to Jean Harlow." . . . Chamberlain Brown comes from Boston, is a distant relative of England's Neville Chamberlain.

● Young girl at a seaside resort trying to be two different girls at the same time. Made me dizzy to watch her.

She had two boys on the string. One was a bronzed youth of athletic prowess; the other a highly sophisticated sophomore of the Noel Coward school, bitter and languid. They were all about nineteen. For her dates with the vigorous boy she wore sports clothes, put on her sun tan, brushed her hair straight back, left her lips and fingernails untinted, talked tough tomboy talk. Then she would scamper home and do a lightning change



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS



Chamberlain Brown

for her date with the Noel Coward type. Off with the sun tan and the sports dress; on with the dead-white mask, the black-snake gown, arched brows, mascara, lacquered mouth and fingers. It kept her frantically busy. One night she mixed her dates, met each boy with the wrong make-up on. Both liked her better.

● A crescent-shaped salad plate fits snugly around the side of your dinner plate, saves space on your table, allows a salad to accompany the main course without getting the meat soaked in puddles of salad dressing, as it does when you serve salad on the dinner plate. In china or glass, the crescent salad plate is a European convenience which has been gaining favor recently among smart hostesses here. At present these half-moon plates aren't easy to buy. Only a few of the glass and china manufacturers supply them as yet.

● A young man in the diplomatic service has long been persecuted by the fact that his round face looks almost exactly like the face of the gurgling infant displayed far and wide in poster advertisements for a world-

famous baby food. Wherever his official wanderings took him, he was sure to be tagged at once as the grown-up original of that baby picture. It made him moody and shy, kept him away from the girls, practically ruined his life. But at last his luck has turned. The baby-food company has changed its style of advertising, is no longer using the picture of the cherub who resembled him so painfully. In a letter to a mutual friend of ours, the young diplomat rejoiced. "Now I may be able to get married," he wrote. "Before this, every woman I've met has recognized that baby in me and has cooed over me like a mother. I don't want any more mothers—I've got a mother. I want a wife, and now perhaps I can have one."

● Of human afflictions, blindness unquestionably is the most tragic, and the miracle of eyesight regained is surely one of the greatest experiences any one could have in life. Now think of this: In a Welsh mining town, fifteen years ago, a girl met a blind young man at a dance. He had then been blind for seven years. They fell in love, married, had two children. This summer a successful operation has restored his sight. One day last month he saw his wife and children for the first time. Could anything in the world be more dramatic than that?

● Among the new mystery books, one I've enjoyed a lot is *The Borgia Blade*, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. (Published by D. Appleton-Century Company.)

● Scalloped corn is an excellent summer dish. Serve it with cold ham and a green salad. This recipe comes to me from a friend in Des Moines, Iowa:

Use 4 ears fresh corn. Scrape or cut off the kernels, mix with 4 well beaten eggs and 1 cup grated Swiss cheese. The cheese should be dry, not soapy. Add a dash of nutmeg, a speck of Cayenne pepper, and 1 tablespoon ground nuts. Butter a fireproof baking dish, pour the mixture into it, bake 20 minutes in a slow oven.







At left: The world's smallest park—Lone Oak Park, in Visalia, California. It consists of the oak and its "island."

The oldest schoolhouse in the U. S. A. is in St. Augustine, Florida. Its schoolmaster and class (above) are wax figures.



A. A. D. Rahn, retired Minneapolis lumberman, had a railroad car (at right) fixed up as a home. He had got so used to them.



How big is a great big cheese? Well, here (at right) you see one of the biggest ever made. It weighs 2,500 pounds.



He's been wearing the same hat and shoes for forty years, has John Crank of Woodland, California (at the left).





Hummingbirds nest on an electric-light socket in Independence, California, at Judge William Dehy's home. They've been doing this for twenty years.

# Strange Sights I'VE SEEN

BY IRWIN J. KOSTIN

From coast to coast, a wandering photographer assembles a brisk potpourri of beguiling oddities

Below: The stream runs through the dining room! This is to be seen in Brookdale, California. Does the like exist elsewhere?

Only woman fire chief in the U. S. A. is Miss Nancy Allen of Cowesett, Rhode Island. Fires there must be well attended!







# AFTER MIDNIGHT

By Thomas W. Duncan

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

LIKE a slim young cat she came sneaking across the dark roof. The summer night was moonless, and that was excellent. Shadows were friends on a job like this. Shadows and silence.

She moved cautiously; by instinct, almost. Her sport shoes, soled with noiseless rubber, displaced not a grain of sand on the flat roof. She slipped past a chimney and peered over the parapet. Midnight was gone, and this strange city was a weary place.

Light from the street, six stories below, washed thinly over her. Twenty-seven years had not dulled her shining blonde hair. She was smiling slightly—with a mouth that contact with the underworld had not hardened. Supple in her gray sweater and skirt, she moved to the edge of the building which overlooked the roof of a five-story garage.

Her teeth clamped on the strap of her purse—it contained a flashlight and a small automatic—and she went over the side, hanging a moment, then dropping. She skinned a knee. Lucky. Lucky, that was, that she didn't crack a bone.

Oh, yes, her occupation had its hazards.

The trapdoor to the garage was locked; but she possessed a small screwdriver and much knowledge. After five minutes' quiet work the trapdoor yielded.

Her flashlight beam revealed a grease-stained floor on which stood a dozen cars. Very fine. Again she hung by her hands and again she dropped. She skinned the other knee this time.

Before starting work, she scoured the big workroom with her flashlight. Heavy double doors, chained and padlocked on the other side, were closed on a ramp leading to the floor below. It was as she had expected.

Her flashlight skimmed the paint cans on a workbench before she turned to the cars themselves. She was at the third car when she heard something.

A key in a padlock. Those double doors.

She switched off her light and crouched behind a sedan, her automatic ready.

The doors growled; ceiling globes flooded on. Under the car she glimpsed immaculate sport shoes and linen trousers. She stood up.

The man had a .38, cocked. "Drop that gat," he said.

Her automatic had never been more than a bluff, she realized, obeying.

And then she noticed the man—really noticed him. And at the same moment he recognized her.

"This," she said, "is almost funny. Good evening. I like the mustache, Ken."

He said, "Janice!" His eyes—those quick dark eyes in a smoothly handsome face—dropped to the .38. He seemed ashamed of it now, and he uncocked it and slipped it into the pocket of his crisply laundered suit.

"Don't look so surprised," she murmured, picking her automatic off the floor and putting it into her purse. "You've surely heard it's a small world. And you just never can tell who'll drop in."

He stared up at the trapdoor. "It's wired," he informed her. "A bell rang in the office. I'd stopped on my way from the country club. We're an all-night garage."

"You—you don't own this place?" "Of course," he said. "The biggest garage in the city."

She said, "The Jones Garage, Kenneth Jones, proprietor." Of course. . . . There are a million Joneses—and this one would be you. I'm sorry, Ken."

His dark eyes stared at her. "What's your game?"

"Isn't it pretty obvious?"

He shook his head.

"You weren't fool enough to think you could steal a car—out of here?"

She thought for a bit before replying. "Not a car," she explained at last. "But—people who leave cars in garages—now and then leave valuables in them. I could take those valuables—and they'd never be missed—not till the repair work was done and the cars were turned back to them."

His face hardened. "Then they'd blame us. They'd demand we make good."

"You get the general idea."

"Have you—been doing this sort of thing—long?"

"Quite a while. My husband knows the underworld like a book. He was

wounded last week. I'm carrying on till he recovers."

"You're cold-blooded enough about it."

She shrugged. "Let's forget me. Let's hear about you. Are you still married to Hazel Crawford?"

He nodded.

"Happy?"

"Oh, well—you know how marriage is," he said. "Let's go downstairs."

And as they walked down the ramp she replied:

"I certainly do know how marriage is. I love him more all the time. And when I think how near you and I came to getting married . . ."

He said brusquely, "Let's forget that." And when they reached the office he brought out his .38 again, and took her purse.

"Sit there," he ordered. "I have you covered."

"What's the big idea, Ken?"

"The big idea," he said before he picked up the telephone, "is that the past is dead. Nine years since we were in the university together. We've gone different paths, Janice, that's all."

And he called the police.

GRATITUDE," she told him, "never was your outstanding trait, Ken."

"Gratitude?"

She nodded. "We were juniors. There was a mix-up in your fraternity funds, and you were treasurer. They kicked you out."

A rush of blood darkened the skin of his face. "I was innocent. Completely—"

She raised a hand. "Don't stop me. Innocent or not, the campus cut you dead. Every one—but me. I was president of the best sorority, and when I didn't break our engagement the campus gradually decided you'd been blamed wrongly. The next year you fell in love with Hazel Crawford and you dropped me like a hot iron. . . . That wasn't a happy year, Ken, for me."

He exclaimed, "I tell you that's all in the past! You can't—"

Two men entered the office.

"Hello, Janice," one of them said. She nodded. "O. K."

It took both detectives to disarm Kenneth Jones and hold him.

"There's a mistake here!" he shouted. "It's that girl!"

"Save your breath, Ken," she said wearily. "I traced serial numbers on three of those cars and they're all hot. My husband's been on your trail for months—he represents six insurance companies. He almost got you last week—but one of your men shot him. Save your breath."

THE END





# BRINGING *Outdoors* INTO THE HOUSE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FOR millions of years we have been talking about the weather. Now we are doing something about it—and the doing bids fair to transform our lives.

Air conditioning on the hot side is an old story. It began with primitive man's fire in the open, and eventually landed in civilized man's cellar, in the shape of his furnace. Then came the thermostat, and temperature in winter remained constant from minute to minute. But not from floor to ceiling; while as for humidity, the air was still drier than the Sahara. Besides, the thermostat couldn't regulate the summer sun.

Hence ventilators in many a hideous form, and the pan of water set on the radiator.

From these amateurish beginnings grew the great modern profession of air conditioning. Warm air blown over ice or through sprays of ice-cold water or over coils of pipe filled with refrigerants becomes cool air. That fundamental principle was crudely applied by the ancient Persians. But cooling is by no means all there is to summer air conditioning. In winter we go from a 70° room to a zero sidewalk with comparative safety because we bundle up. In summer we take no such precaution when we enter a 70° room from a 90° sidewalk. Result: cold in the head. Engineers have now learned that a mere 10° drop will avert this danger, and will give us equal comfort, *provided the humidity is altered*. Fortunately, the same process that chills the air squeezes out some moisture. Dust-eliminating filters have been put into the apparatus, and the air is kept gently moving without drafts.

Winter air conditioning is simply the reverse process.

In its early stages, this fingertip control of the elements had its critics. Until refrigerants free from ammonia and carbon dioxide were introduced, there was danger that toxic fumes might escape. And the first air-conditioning systems *were* noisy. But the industry grew, and such defects were remedied.

Meanwhile, all the obvious advantages of homemade weather piled up. As for health benefits, we shouldn't expect this to be a cure-all. But medical authorities have found that it reduces materially our susceptibility to the common cold and to hay fever. Some report benefits in cases of anemia. Premature infants have a better chance of living in air-conditioned rooms.

When we consider air conditioning for our own homes, we will do well to stick to established firms advertised in reputable magazines and represented by trustworthy local merchants. What does real air-condition-

## Weather news! How much do you really know about this 1937 magic of science?

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ing cost? That depends, among other things, upon how large a plant, if we are planning a central conditioning system, or how many units, if we are planning a room-by-room system, will be required. For example, our home may be waterproof and still be a sieve to the winds. It costs a lot to air-condition that kind of house—as it does to heat it. It might not pay to try to put a system in; or the installation of an effective one might involve expensive wall and floor insulation. On the other hand, awnings, weather strips, and a fan in the attic might do the trick.

Air-conditioning devices may be applied to the existing heating system, or the new installation may be kept separate. Each case has to be studied by experts. There are, however, certain guiding lights. It is known that a dependable air-conditioner capable of heating almost any ordinary-sized room may be had for \$350 to \$600. In a well built house this unit will extend its benefits, if

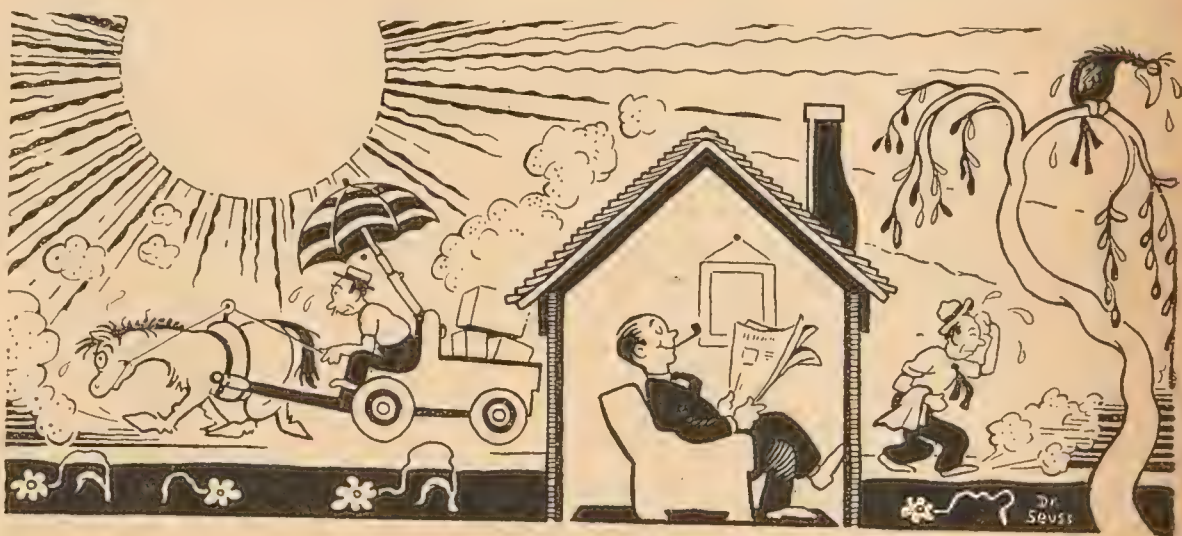
conditioner for winter, to which summer devices can be added. If we don't, we may find ourselves with an obsolete, unsalable property. But if our interest is chiefly in summer comfort, we should try out portable units.

Cost of operation depends on the local price of fuel, ice, electricity, etc.; also on the climate.

The world about us is becoming rapidly air-conditioned. Many industries find that their products are improved. The rayon industry is nearly 100 per cent conditioned. The new cotton industry of the South owes its very existence to the process.

Proprietors of hotels, apartment houses, and office buildings have been quick to install air-conditioning plants. A big New York office building can amortize this investment in five years simply by increasing its rental prices from 4 to 10 per cent, an advance which enlightened tenants are glad to pay.

Stores, restaurants, and theaters see their investment coming back



there is a duct, to adjoining rooms and halls or to an upstairs room. These units correspond in size, appearance, and price to large radios.

Air-conditioning the entire house involves the installation of a central conditioner, similarly corresponding to an ordinary house furnace, and the running of many pipes through the walls. Such a plant, if designed merely to condition in winter, costs little more than a heating plant. To add cooling and dehumidifying increases the equipment cost about 50 per cent. An all-year system, in a fairly well insulated six- to eight-room house, costs about \$2,500.

If building or remodeling, we should by all means install a central

every hot day. In a recent survey four out of five merchants reported business much improved. Even churches have had appreciable increases in attendance.

Logically, it is hard to explain why all this didn't come about long before. Economically, it may be that air conditioning has blown in upon us at the moment it is most needed. After the panic of 1907, the automobile carried American business to new heights. After the postwar slump, radios, movies, mechanical refrigerators helped to produce peak prosperity. After the panic of 1929 . . .

Well, it's a little late, but here it is—out of the air!

THE END



# Strip-Tease Girl

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WINGS DELANEY, burlesque dancer, tells the story. She begins with the day she met Sandalwood Tolles, a lawyer, whose name she picked from the telephone book in a Southern city to defend her after she shot a man who annoyed her. The man recovers and makes no trouble, but Tolles, wealthy and socially prominent, continues to see Wings. Experienced, bitter toward men, she is suspicious of him at first, but she soon becomes convinced that he is not like the other men she has known. When he invites her to visit his mother's home, she accepts.

There, for the first time, this daughter of a kootch dancer and a honky-tonk manager tastes luxury, meets men who treat her with respect, women who seem to like her. When Sandy asks her to marry him, she consents. Although she doesn't love him, she loves his home, his life, the security he can give her.

"But," she adds, "if I had known how much it would cost me, I'd have rung down the curtain so fast on Mr. Sandy Tolles that he'd never want to see me again."

## PART TWO—A DANCE FOR LIFE OR DEATH

THE first one we told about our engagement was Mrs. Tolles. She took it like a trouper. Big, I mean. She never made a miscue.

"I'm so glad," she said. "Sandy, you are the most fortunate young man in the world. How did you ever do it—with every other man in the county trying to get her away from you?"

If it was an act, she was a better actress than I ever was. She looked positively thrilled. No fooling.

"This old house is pretty gloomy," she said, "when Sandy and I are here alone. It'll be so different with a bride."

Alone, she said. Just herself and Sandy and a couple of dozen servants and always twenty or thirty guests!

She wanted a big wedding for us, with flower girls and bridesmaids and matrons of honor and all that society stuff. But I couldn't bear it.

"No," I said. "Please. Just a quiet wedding. And I'll dig up my father. He can give me away."

I told her I just wanted Abbie, the governor's wife, besides the family.

She was disappointed, but game. "So long as you are happy, child," she said, "what difference does it make?"

So I went to Chicago and dug up my father.

He took the toothpick out of his mouth when I told him, and threw it away.

"Is he a good man?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

He looked at me like he'd never seen me before.

"I was wrong," he said. "I thought there was no heart in you at all."

"There isn't," I said.

"He's rich, then," he said. "I might have known it!"



It was quiet and solemn and beautiful in the church.



# A poignant, colorful chronicle of life today . . . The self-told story of a woman's strange love and sacrifice

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



Everybody kissed me after the wedding, Sandy first.

You're a cold heartless gold digger, Wings Delaney, and no spawn of mine."

"Keep your shirt on, Mike," I said. "He knows I don't love him. But he wants me, just the same."

He shook hands with me, like I was a man.

Then he said, "Come to the hotel after the show tonight. I got something for you."

It was my mother's wedding dress. He'd kept it all these years.

"You couldn't get a finer dress anywhere in the world," he said. "That dress was made for your ma by some nuns over in Ireland."

I wore it. It was the most beautiful dress I ever wore.

Sandy and Mrs. Tolles and Abbie got there the day before the wedding. Father greeted them as if they were old friends, and never chewed a toothpick once. He'd bought himself a new suit and a pearl-gray derby. And socks. All the colors of the rainbow.

It was the sincerest compliment he ever paid me.

"You look swell, Mike," I said. "You should have gone on the stage yourself. You're a dressy guy."

"Shut up," he said, his face turning as red as his neck. "Another crack like that and I'll take you over my knee."

He saw I had something on my mind.

"Out with it," he said.

"Mike," I said, "was I ever baptized?"

"Baptized? Are we pagans or something? Of course you were baptized."

"But I wasn't baptized Wings, was I?"

HE gave me a nasty look.

"So that's it, is it?" he said. "Ashamed of being found out, are you? Or is it him ashamed of you?"

"It's me," I said. "If I sign my name Wings Delaney on the marriage license, everybody in the United States will know by this time tomorrow that Sandy Tolles is marrying a strip-tease dancer."

"Your name is Lillian," he said. "Lillian Veronica Delaney."

"Thank God for that," I said. "Wings, fly away."

I took him in my arms and danced around the office with him. We were dancing and laughing like a couple of kids when some one rapped on the door. It was the governor himself.

"Mike Delaney!" he cried. "Cover me with tar and feathers and ride me on a rail if it isn't Sniper Mike Delaney!"

They were in the war together, in the same platoon or something. Can you tie it? And the governor was Sandy's best man.

It was so quiet and solemn in the church, and so beautiful and everything, I was scared. The way the priest's voice echoed in the empty church sort of gave me the jitters.

Everybody kissed me after the wedding, Sandy first, and then his mother, and then the governor and Abbie. Mike gave me a little kiss on the forehead, and took my hand and shook it.

Well, I had everything I'd ever dreamed of having. I was a queen. Every dress I wore was copied. Every hat of mine became the rage. Everything I said was quoted. Everything I did made the society page of the local paper. But I wasn't happy. It wasn't like before I married. I felt like a double-crosser. I was always afraid some one would say, "I know you—the shape that launched a thousand strips, or was it hips?"

Then Sandy got himself elected district attorney; and Joe Loomis, one of our colored boys, got put into jail.

Of course Joe was innocent. We knew he wouldn't do such a thing. But there he was in jail. And a mob wanted to kidnap him and string him up.

We have a new jail in the town, you know. It's in the basement of the courthouse building, right across the little patio from the hotel—only it isn't a patio, of course. It's a sort of park, and it's a triangle, so everybody calls it the "square."

They arrested Joe sometime in the afternoon, but it wasn't until hours later that either Sandy or I knew anything about it.



We'd planned a little dinner to the governor and his wife for that evening. Only about a dozen people. We'd have given it in our own home; only it was all messy. Sandy was having some rooms done over for me. So we hired the private dining room of the hotel—up on the roof. It's a pretty place, with a terrace running around three sides, and cool green vines crawling over latticework.

Late in the afternoon the governor phoned to say he couldn't come. He had to attend a conference of governors somewhere, and naturally he'd forgotten all about it until the last minute. He's that way. He had asked Colonel Lawrence, he said, to be Abbie's escort.

We heard the noise around the jail and men shouting. But the orchestra was playing and we didn't realize anything particular was happening until Etta came running in. She was screaming, and it was some time before we got her calmed down enough to tell us about Joe. Well, naturally, that broke up the party.

"They won't lynch Joe," I said. "Sandy won't let them."

"Of course I won't," Sandy said.

We went out on the terrace and looked across the patio at the jail. There was a big crowd around the jail and they were making plenty noise. Sandy turned to us.

"It's a strong jail, Etta," he said. "They'll never break in. And we'll have the troops here before you know it."

"Troops!" said Colonel Lawrence. "My God, the governor's gone! Only the governor can send troops!"

"He's on an express train," Abbie said. "It won't stop until it reaches Cincinnati—tomorrow morning."

"In the governor's absence," Sandy said, "the lieutenant governor can act. Get him on the wire, colonel. And if we broadcast, the governor may catch it. They have radios on trains."

Suddenly he grabbed me and kissed me.

"Stay here with the other women," he said. He caught hold of the colonel's arm.

"Come on, Lawrence," he said. "We'll hold them off as long as we can."

He was on the way to the elevator. Was I scared!

Before you could say a bad word the three of us were alone there on the terrace—Abbie and Etta and me. The other women had gone flying away like crazy hens.

Abbie was shouting into a telephone. Etta was whimpering and biting her fingers. And me? I was putting a permanent wave into the wood of the terrace railing with my nails and trying to keep my knees stiff.

Down in the patio a couple of thousand drunken hoodlums were hollering their heads off, trying to get in through the jail doors. The doors were solid steel, but what did they care? Ambulances and police cars were coming up from every direction, wailing like banshees. There were a lot of bright-red hose carts down there. Firemen in rubber coats were shooting streams of water on the mob—and men with axes were chopping hoses. Everybody was fighting everybody else. Guns were going off. You could hear hammers banging on steel doors. Abbie was shouting into a phone, and Etta was praying out loud. The world was coming to an end, and I stood there dumb.

I was afraid Etta would jump off the roof. She looked so desperate. I put my arms around her and held her tight. I sort of envied her. I mean it. The way she felt about Joe. If I could feel that much about Sandy, I thought, it would be swell. But it wasn't in me. Mike was right, I thought. I never had a heart.



Abbie jammed the receiver down on the hook and said something under her breath. She was seething.

"That kills him," she said. "He's politically dead right now. If he isn't, I'll see that he will be."

"Now what?" I said.

"Gone fishing," she said. "At a time like this! And they can't reach him! And they don't know when he'll be back! I hope he snarls his line. I hope he runs a fishhook through his eye."

"Who?" I said. "Who?"

"The lieutenant governor," she said. "He's gone fishing. The governor's left the state. The lieutenant governor's in charge. He could order out the troops. But he's busy fishing."

I looked down at Etta. I was shocked. Her face was absolutely gray and wet.

"She's in pain," I said.

"Yes'm," Etta said. "But that's nothing. It's Joe that pains me most. He's a good man, Mis' Tolles. He's the best man in the world. He never bothered around no white women. I know him. He wouldn't do that."

I never before saw a woman so crazy over a man.

"And they're going to kill him, Mis' Tolles!"

"No," I said. "No. They're not."

"They killed Jesus. He was good. And they'll kill my Joe, too. He'll never see his baby."

"Baby?" I said.

Etta began to scream.

"She's going to have a baby," Abbie cried. "The excitement—it's forcing her. Call a doctor."

I just stood there, staring. I didn't know what to do, what to say. It seemed a little dirty to me, if you know what I mean. And then I got ashamed of myself for feeling that way.

"My mother had a baby once," I said.

I'll bet that's the silliest thing anybody ever said. I still don't know exactly what I meant by it. Maybe I was trying to argue that if my mother had a baby, Etta could have one too, and it would be all right and decent, and I shouldn't be scandalized. Maybe it was something else. I don't know. I'd led such a funny life—for a woman. I'd fought off so many Willy-boys I guess it had become second nature to fight off women, too. I mean when they got to cracking wise or telling dirty stories. I was as full of taboos as an old-maid aunt.

Like I said, it did seem smutty for a minute—this colored girl having a baby almost in my lap. But I snapped out of it. I went to the telephone.

"I want the finest suite in the house," I said. "I want a doctor. And I want a nurse."

"Mrs. Tolles," the clerk said, "I can give you a suite, and I can get you a nurse. But a doctor? I don't know. A lot of men have been hurt. Our house physician's at Mercy Hospital. He won't be back."

"You wait here until the suite's ready," I told Etta. "I'm going out and get a doctor."

Well, I didn't have any idea where I could find a doc; but I was determined to get one anyway. I went to the garage across the street and got the car. The chauffeur had gone, of course. All colored people get out of the way when there's a lynching on the way.

I shot out of that garage in an awful hurry and nearly ran over a guy. It was Luther Prouty. He was shaking so he couldn't talk. And when he saw me close up he let out a shriek. I guess he thought I'd meant to kill him.

"Listen," I said. "Do you want me to go tell your wife who shot you, and why?"

"No, Mis' Tolles," he said. "No, indeed."

"All right, then," I said. "But you've got to do something for me. Get in my car and go for a doctor. Bring him to the hotel and shoot him up to my suite."

I pushed him into the car, and watched him whiz away.

It was quiet in the patio; so quiet, I didn't know what to make of it. Something was happening.

"What is it?" I asked a woman.

"The D. A.," she said. "He's making a speech."

I stood up on my tiptoes, but I couldn't see anything. I ducked and dodged my way through the crowd. I pushed guys right and left. I was crazy scared, I tell you. I didn't care what I did, so long (Continued on page 28)



# GREATEST CAR FOR ALL-ROUND ECONOMY



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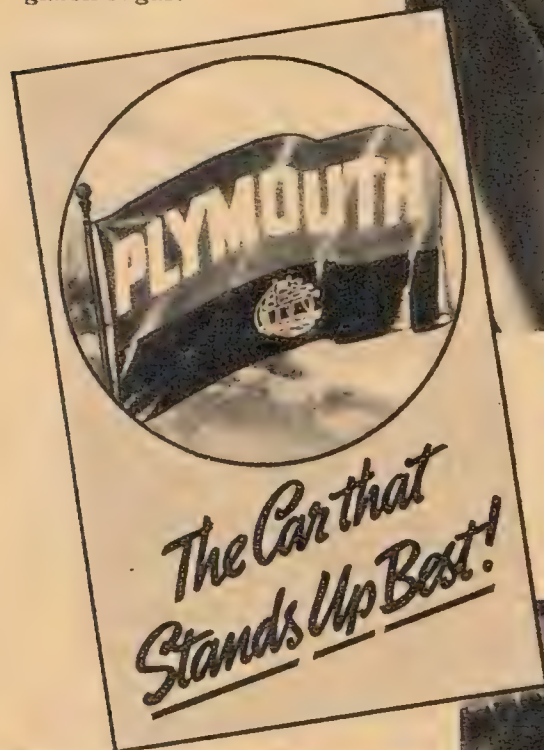
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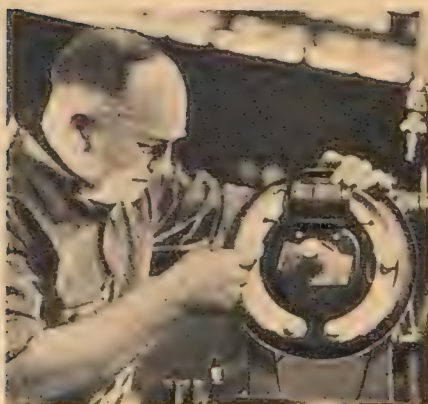
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# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



(Continued from page 26) as I got through that mob; so long as I could get close to my husband and listen to him talk. I made it, too.

He was standing just outside the jail door, and I stood on the top of the steps leading down to that door.

"There's a steel door in back of me," he said. "It's solid metal, but you may be able to break it down. You might be able to lynch Joe Loomis—though I assure you he will be given a fair trial if you let him alone. But there's another door I advise you not to tamper with. And that's a door called the sanctity of the law."

"Why don't you use a little common sense, you men? You know that if you lynch this man I'll have every last one of you indicted and tried for murder."

"Joe Loomis is your nigger!" some one shouted. "You won't try him. You'll let him go."

"Nigger lover!" some one else shouted. "String him up, too."

"I'm unarmed," my husband said, still calm—but his face was dangerous. "You can tear me to pieces if you wish. But I warn you, you'd better not. There'll be another district attorney to take my place. He'll try you. Don't forget that."

Nobody answered him. He looked all about him scornfully. I was busting with pride.

They didn't answer him, but they didn't go; and they talked among themselves. And they kept taking swigs of liquor out of flasks.

After a time I managed to squirm my way down the stairs to him.

"Howdy, Horatius," I said. "Holding the bridge?"

It was all I could do to make my voice light and airy.

"Lily," he said, "please go back to the hotel and wait for me. You shouldn't have come here. These men are in a dangerous, reckless mood. They're getting drunker all the time and more and more insane."

"How about you?" I said. "I can't leave you here. I heard some of them talking. They're waiting for some friends. In half a dozen little towns around here guys just like them are getting ready. They've got acetylene torches, and they're going to cut holes in the jail doors. They're getting guns, too, and booze."

"How about the lieutenant governor?" he asked.

"Fishing."

He turned on one of those heat-lightning smiles for me. "Well," he said, "I'll just have to stay here. It's my duty."

"O. K.," I said. "Leave it to me. I know how to handle guys like these."

"Going to get your gun?" he asked.

I wouldn't tell him what was in my mind. He would have tried to stop me.

"Kiss me good-by," I said.

SAID it before I realized what I was saying. But I wasn't sorry. He thought he was going to die there. I knew he did. He'd let that mob tear him into pieces before he'd let them get Joe. So he thought he was saying good-by to me forever. And I knew how he'd feel.

I wish I could tell you the way he looked at me then.

"God bless you," he said, and stood in front of me, shielding me from the audience. He bent down as though he were going to whisper in my ear, and kissed me swiftly on the cheek, and squeezed my hand until there wasn't a bone left in it.

"So long, Horatius," I said, and ducked away.

All the way back to the hotel I kept trying not to bawl. The doctor was there, and Etta was sitting up in bed. Abbie had gone downstairs and bought her a pink nightgown with French lace and everything on it. Abbie was jittery. She kept walking up and down the room, listening to Etta talk.

Etta seemed to be out of her head. She was talking to herself. It gave me the creeps.

Then Abbie started talking to herself.

"The poor dear governor! Troops! And him not here! He always wanted to lead troops, bless his dear old martial soul! He'll have a stroke! He'll die!"

I told her about Sandy's speech.

"He'll be the next governor," Abbie said.

"He'll never," I said.

"Yes he will! George won't run again. He said so."

"Look," I said. "Can you make me up?"

"How do you mean? Are you going to put on a show?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm putting on a show."

"Sure," she said. "I'll make you up."

I went back to the garage. The car was there, outside. Prouty was sitting in it, looking at the mob.

"Move over," I said; "I'll drive."

I got home in nothing flat. I got my old suitcase out of the closet, lugged it down to the car, and threw it in the rumble seat.

"You shouldn't have toted that, Mis' Tolles," Prouty said.

"There isn't a servant in the house," I told him.

"I know," he said; "but I could have toted it just as well."

"I shot your toting hand useless," I said. "Sorry."

"That's all right," he came back, smiling. "I guess I had it coming to me, Mis' Tolles."

Etta was screaming murder when I came back.

I went out to the terrace and looked around. It was pretty dark by this time, and the mob was still more or less quiet. Just a lot of voices offstage. Horatius was still holding the bridge.

THEY got a spotlight on that jail?" I asked.

"They have a searchlight," Abbie said. "Don't say got."

I stepped into another room and started peeling off. Abbie came in, wondering what I was doing.

"All right," I said, "make me up."

She like to drop dead. "What in heaven's name are you going to do?"

"Put on a show," I said.

She got it then. She hugged me. For the first time in my life a woman hugged me and I liked it. She hugged me, and she started to bawl.

"You're a sweet fool," she said. "But you can't do this. It'll ruin you."

"O. K.," I said. "Bring on the ruin."

Abbie drew up a chair and sat down.

"Now look here," she said. "You've got a position to maintain in this community. You're Sandy Tolles' wife. He's going to be governor of this state—unless you ruin him. And if you do this you *will* ruin him. What will people say?"

"I don't care," I said. "Let them say what they will. I'm not going to let him get killed. I don't care whether he's governor or not. I'm going to save him from that mob. I'm going to put on a show. I'll have that mob rocking in their seats in a few minutes. They won't be thinking of lynching. They'll be watching me."

"You better phone the sheriff. Tell him I'll make it easy for him to get Joe Loomis out of the way. Tell him to take him out the south door when the time comes. Tell him he'll know when the time comes."

Abbie sighed, like she was very tired, and began making up my face. It took her a long time.

"Phone the manager," I said. "Tell him I want the spotlight turned on the terrace. The sheriff ought to do that much for me."

"Sure," Abbie said. "And shall I get room service and ask for a bugler?"

"No," I said. "Make it a brass band, and make it snappy."

She went on making me up. And time flying.

Like I expected, we couldn't even get a piccolo player. Every musician in town was in the mob, I guess. Anyway we did get the spotlight.

"Ready?" Abbie asked.

"Ready," I said.

"Go into your act then, honey," she said. "And God be with you."

"With a stripper?" I said. "Don't say it."

And I went out and into my act.

*A gallant sacrifice—but to what will Wings' desperate courage lead? Will Sandy thank her for risking her reputation and his career in an attempt to save his life and Joe's? In next week's installment, this gripping story of a daring girl reaches a surprising conclusion.*





# IT'S *Vacation Time*

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**Serve this delicious MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE  
and have more time for fun**

The appetizing Meal-in-a-Minute below was planned for women who believe kitchens should be run on summer vacation schedules. You've spent many an hour in the kitchen preparing meals that weren't half as delicious. And you can tell by the recipe it almost prepares itself!

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For an appetite-inspiring Meal-in-a-Minute be sure you use Van Camp's table treats. Don't

confuse them with ordinary canned foods. One taste of their delicious flavor will quickly convince you of the difference. Grocers everywhere are featuring these famous foods at attractive prices. You'll find Van Camp's everyday prices lower than most nationally known canned foods. Buy an assortment today.

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*Meal-in-a-Minute*  
for August  
costs only 8c a serving  
**BEAN SUPPER SNACK**  
How to make it: (1) Drain 2 cups Van Camp's Pork and Beans (2) To the liquid blend in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peanut butter and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Van Camp's Catsup (3) Fold in beans (4) Chill and serve between slices of corned beef on lettuce with mayonnaise and sliced stuffed olives.



Keep these Van Camp's table treats on your pantry shelf: BEAN HOLE BEANS  
SPAGHETTI • VEGETABLE SOUP • TOMATO SOUP • CHILI SAUCE • CATSUP





# LIBERTY PRESENTS *Comers* BY ED SULLIVAN



**NIGHT-CLUBBER**—But for the 1929 crash, Dell Casino would have gone on clerking in Wall Street. Out of a job, the Brooklyn Italian lad started singing. He won a contest at a Broadway night club; spurted to the Columbia Broadcasting System. Bound for stardom!



**ALICIA IN WONDERLAND**—Eighteen-year-old Alicia Wiencek, who has studied at New York's Art Students League, won a scholarship with murals of Poland. Born in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, of Polish parents now living in Detroit. She belongs in any roll of Comers.



**TEXAN**—Jacques Abram (right), from Houston, was ten when he won a piano scholarship under Hutcheson. Two great schools have since given him scholarships. He's certainly a four-star Comer!

**WPA PRODIGY**—The Federal Theater Project's first graduate to stardom is Gloria Dickson, signed by Le Roy. Born in Pocatello, Idaho, she's twenty; real name, Thais Dickerson. You will see her first in *They Won't Forget*.



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It's based on the principles learned in building more than 23,000,000 tough, dependable, economical Pathfinder tires . . . plus the knowledge of amazing super-mileage and safety from the world-famed "G-3" All-Weather tires.

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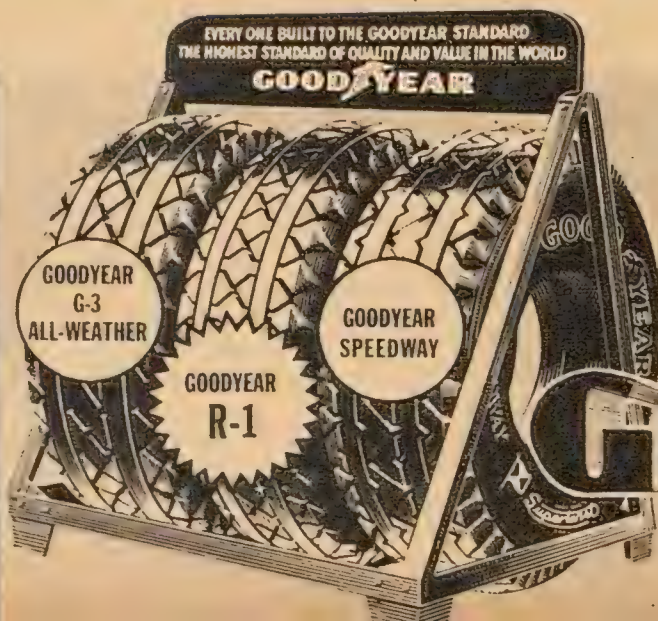
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THIS  
PICTURE  
SHOWS  
THE  
GOODYEAR  
LINE-UP  
TODAY





# DEATH *in the* DARK

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

ORDERED to question all cars coming from Atlas in the hunt for Flash Arthur, escaped criminal, Trooper Morgan of the New York State Police permits the blue coupé of Cynthia Drummond, with whom he is in love, to speed by unchallenged. Farther along the road, a motorcycle cop tries to halt it and is deliberately run down and injured by the driver, who is none other than Flash!

Sergeant Duff, who dislikes young Morgan, insinuates that the trooper has an interest in the thief's hidden loot. Furious, Morgan resigns from the service. He is invited to spend the night at the Drummonds' home by Cynthia's father, who is a professor on a sabbatical.

It is a strange household. Besides the scholar and his daughter there is a dying man wrapped like a mummy in bandages, a furtive Dr. Keegan in charge, who is also the Drummonds' landlord, and two repellent servants, Baxter and his wife Emma. A ferocious Great Dane called Hamlet completes the eerie ménage.

That night Baxter is murdered. Fingerprints on the knife prove to be those of Flash Arthur. The next day Hamlet is found shot on a near-by knoll.

Officially, Sergeant Harry England of the State Police has the case in hand. From the first, Dr. Keegan does all he can to throw suspicion on Morgan, but Sergeant England accepts the young ex-trooper as an aide. Together they prowl around the place for clues.

One afternoon, hiding behind a brush pile, they see the wily doctor and Cynthia walking in the woodland. Dr. Keegan is proposing they elope! Suddenly England points to a spot, crying:

"For God's sake, look at that!"

## PART FIVE—THE BRUSH PILE'S SECRET

ENGLAND had aimed his finger at darkly clotted grass and a blot on the earth beneath it. Morgan's eyes saw this but they took no message to his brain.

Cynthia's voice was low and soft; Cynthia's body was slim and sweet; Cynthia had been desire and hope. And now she had become the most bitter jest that fate could play. . . . England was asking in a hushed, impatient voice:

"Well? You see it, don't you? It's blood, Jack. Something was killed here."

"A deer," Morgan said. The girl he loved, the man he hated were going away together. Blood and death were trivial things.

"No," the sergeant muttered; "I don't think so."

On hands and knees he hunted about the stain.

"Look."

Morgan stared at the raw hollow in the earth. It was grooved by claw marks. England prompted:

"A deer wouldn't dig a hole like that, eh?"

Morgan shrugged. What difference did it make?

"No," he said. He thought of Keegan and Cynthia at the hill's crest. Locked in each other's arms, they sat on the rustic bench and whispered of a world they would see together—Cairo, Algiers, Ceylon, Bali . . .

England was asking in pent wrath: "Jack—have your brains gone dead? This is where they killed the big yellow dog."

The sharp voice cut Morgan. He flared back sullenly: "All right. So what?"

England drew back from the shallow hole. He sat be-







There was a gun in the state trooper's hand.

side it, hands clasped over his knees. His speech was cold and piercing as a thrust sword.

"You've had a sock on the chin. I know that. Are you going to lie there? Man, they've got thirty troopers from E and F combing this country for trace of Arthur. The Lord sends us this, and you—just sit! You don't care. You sound yellower than that big dog looked."

Morgan sneered. Then, because he found something besides anger in the other's steady eyes, he hesitated, nodded half sulkily, and drew himself together.

"Yes," he said; "you're right. I'm sorry, Harry. Let's—forget it. Now, begin all over, like a good egg. Some one killed Hamlet here and then carted the body away. Harry—there's something under that heap."

England gave a short fierce nod. They both sprang up, laid hold upon the outthrust ends of lower branches, and heaved. The brush pile did not move, but the branch in Morgan's hands bent and crackled.

"No," said England, and stopped with a wary glance uphill. "Too noisy."

A thought hit Morgan. "Mightn't it be that the man I trailed last night came up here to hide that hole and that stain? I mean—it's a good blind guess, isn't it?"

England nodded and gave a small satisfied smile.

"I was just thinking that myself. And the row we raised in the cabin frightened him off." He stared uphill. "They'll be coming back pretty soon. Let's get out of here."

Morgan stared and said at last:

"Get out of here? Why? Wait for Keegan, or call him. With his help, we can tear this heap apart in—"

"I don't want Keegan's help," England told him. "We'll come back later. Let's go, and make it fast and quiet."

They were below the sugarhouse before Morgan spoke again:

"Those tools don't fit into this thing yet—do they?"

"They don't," England snapped. "Come on."

He did not check his long, limping stride until the deserted cow barn shielded them. "We've got to talk somewhere," he said quickly, "but we mustn't be seen together. Who's in the house?"

"Drummond, Strake—that's all, I suppose."

"Go find out if any one is where he could see me sneak up to your room. If it's safe, go directly there from the house. I'll watch and follow you. And speed, Jack. Don't

waste a moment. They may be back any time now."

Morgan climbed the stairs. In the upper hall, Strake's door stood ajar. He thrust it open and peered in. The man lay on his back, an imitation human made of bandages. He did not stir, but even the intruder could mark that he breathed less painfully.

At Morgan's knock, Drummond called "Come in" from his study, and the other thrust open the door.

"Did you want to leave at twelve, sir?"

Drummond looked up from his desk.

"Yes. Twelve will give us time, I think," he said, and smiled. "Where is Cynthia?"

"I haven't seen her," Morgan lied, and went on downstairs.

There was pathos, he thought, as he went toward his room, in Drummond's unawareness. He loved his daughter. The elopement she planned would blast him. He was scowling with the rancor of the rejected when England tiptoed up the stairs.

The sergeant flung his felt hat on the bed and sat down beside it with a sigh of relief.

"Listen," he bade. "This is funny, and the more I think of it the funnier it gets. It'll please you, too. You heard what Keegan said—Europe and all those places?"

"Naples, Algiers, Cairo, Ceylon, Bali," Morgan recited woodenly.

England nodded.

"Costs money to get there, eh? And the girl hasn't any?"

"Father has. She hasn't."

"Neither has Keegan, Jack. He's flat—worse than that. He's in debt up to his ears."

Morgan stared. England went on:

"He got caught in the market. I found that out while following your tip last night. You're smarter, or luckier, than you look. Wall Street took Keegan for all he had—everything. If he wasn't one of the first families he wouldn't even have his doctor's grip. The banks practically own his house. The stiff rent Drummond pays doesn't quite meet the interest on the mortgage."

England lit a cigarette and looked through a blast of smoke at his companion. "How are they going to make Cairo and all the rest of it without a nickel between them?"

"What is it, then? Blackmail? Implicate her and try to shake down Drummond?"

England slowly shook his head.

"No," he said; "I don't" (Continued on page 36)

Sharp, sudden horror dulls a  
lover's heartache as a tense  
adventure moves swiftly on

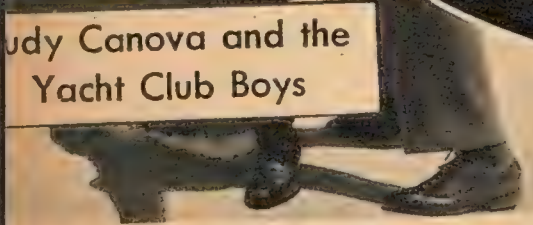
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A Paramount Picture with  
 Ida Lupino • Richard Arlen • Gail Patrick  
 JUDY CANOVA • BEN BLUE • YACHT CLUB BOYS  
 LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
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Judy Canova and the Yacht Club Boys

## ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER...

To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement... and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio's funniest female, Judy Canova)... are some artists. Wait'll you hear 'em go to town on that "Sasha Pasha" number, just one of the million mad moments in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

## ARTISTS OF FAME...

Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you'll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for "Artists and Models": Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta, and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.



Sandra Storme



Peter Arno    Arthur William Brown    McClelland Barclay    Russell Patterson    John La Gatta    Rube Goldberg





Judy Canova  
and Ben Blue

Jack Benny

#### ARTISTS OF MELODY

Hollywood's leading hit writers  
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### LIST OF WISE CRACKS... BENNY'S THE NAME!

Number One Entertainer, the biggest  
ker the screen has ever seen... the one  
Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads  
ar cast of "Artists and Models." Above  
him in an artistic moment, below, at the  
he parade in one of the huge produc-  
bers. At the top right you see Ben Blue  
Judy Canova how to swing that thing.

At the lower right is Martha Raye going to  
town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of "Pub-  
lic Melody Number One"... just one of the half  
dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his  
Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra  
help you to enjoy in "Artists and Models;" the  
biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song  
and dance show of this or any year.



**MARTHA RAYE**  
attacks "Public Melody No. 1"



(Continued from page 33) think so. I believe he's sure enough going to Cairo and points east."

"On what?"

Morgan drew away from the window as voices sounded below. Peering out from a distance, he saw Keegan and Cynthia cross the back yard toward the house. Sunlight blazed on her scarlet beret. Her grace cheapened the plump sleek figure that padded beside her. Halfway up the kitchen steps, she paused and flung some jest back at Keegan.

Her rich laughter stayed in Morgan's ears long after the door had closed.

England asked about the household's plans for the afternoon, and Morgan told all he knew. Drummond had to be driven to Atlas. Keegan and Cynthia—he tried to keep his voice level as he spoke of them—would stay with Strake. Or perhaps only one of them would remain. Morgan would get back from Atlas as soon as possible.

"You do that," the sergeant bade, "even if you have to let your kind employer walk home. I'll wait for you, watch the house, and see if I still can think. If I'm not here, you'll find me at the brush pile. And if you're to take Drummond to town at twelve, Jack, it's seven after now."

MORGAN ran downstairs. Cynthia was coming across the back yard toward the garage. His first impulse was to flee. Then he was angry at her power still to stir and hurt him. She waved to him as she drew near.

"Engine trouble?" she asked gaily. "Poor Tony's car broke down this morning. He had to taxi out while it's being fixed."

Fixed! Morgan thought. Tuned up for tomorrow's flight!

Aloud he only said:

"No; I'm just—behind time."

His curtness did not pierce her joyous mood. She laughed.

"This is the day Aubrey would pick to be on time—and you have to be late."

"I'm sorry," he said, and looked at her blue suit and pert small hat. "You're going in too?"

Her color was brilliant, her voice daring. He thought he knew the source of her elation and it hardened him. She asked:

"Don't you really care a whoop whether I am or not?"

"Chauffeurs can't be choosers," he told her, held open the door for her to enter the car, and climbed in the other side himself. He felt her eyes on him as he drove to the front of the house. He did not turn his head.

"I believe," Drummond said mildly, a few minutes later as they whipped around a corner—"I believe the good ladies of the club would rather have me arrive whole

a few minutes late than—ah, dismembered and on time."

"Sorry," Morgan said briefly, and slackened speed.

"You see," Cynthia told her father, "it's my breakfast that's troubling him."

Her voice was excited. Laughter bubbled through it. She asked Morgan directly:

"That's it, isn't it?"

"Not at all," he answered, and kept his eyes on the road.

Drummond looked from one to the other and asked:

"Honey, you've the letter to Henry?"

"Letter?" she repeated.

"Cynthia," her father asked, "you didn't forget to write it? I spoke of it when you waked me this morning. Honey, I left the check on your desk to remind you."

O H, Aubrey," she told him quickly, "I am sorry! I walked up Sugar Loaf with Anthony, and somehow I forgot."

"And I know why," Morgan thought, and his grip tightened on the wheel. Drummond said:

"I specially wanted it to go on this afternoon's mail. Otherwise the house won't be ready for us when we get back. I suppose I can wire instructions and money, but that'll be a bother to me—and Henry won't have the least idea what to do with a telegraph money order."

"No," she said. "We'll leave you at the Woman's Club and I'll go back and write the letter. I'll miss hearing you speak, darling, but I've heard your woman's-club talk before, and one must suffer for her sins, mustn't she?"

She stilled her father's protests and at last he agreed. He said to Morgan:

"I hope you don't mind the extra drive, my boy. You see, unless Henry, our caretaker, hears from us tomorrow, we'll go back to a house that is cold and cheerless. A house on the campus is an odd place to spend a sabbatical, isn't it? Yet I've found it's where I want to be, after all."

Morgan answered quietly:

"To me it seems a little strange, sir. When some one grants me a sabbatical, there are a lot of places I'd like to see—Naples, Algiers, Cairo, Ceylon, Bali—"

The girl stirred sharply beside him. Morgan held his face still and drew up before the Atlas House.

Sergeant England lay on Morgan's bed. Outwardly he was relaxed; inwardly he was troubled. He wished he were still at the head of the governor's cycle escort; he wished, as he twisted on the bed and the butt of his gun dug his ribs, that barracks would send his civilian clothes. One could not follow crime in uniform without the notice of every one within eyeshot. He wished,

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finally, that Morgan would come back; looked at his watch, grumbled, and sat up.

He paced the room, thinking. He liked Morgan. He had expected to find a money-spoiled youngster with a grievance. Instead he had met a grim lad, quick of mind and body. Morgan had done quite as much toward unlocking this case as England himself. And he had not beefed about his own ill fortune in letting Arthur escape, in losing Cynthia. Memory of Morgan's stricken face as he crouched behind the brush pile that morning made England swear to himself.

Thought of what might lie beneath that heap of dead branches prodded him. He looked at his watch again. Time was passing. He had been wrong to promise to wait for Morgan. He had duty beyond their partnership and a growing itch to do it.

HE moved toward the door and halted. He peered at the rear of the Keegan house. Strake's curtain was up, but the sergeant could see no movement behind it. If he were to go down, take pick and shovel, and slip quickly around the corner of the garage, there was only a slight chance he might be seen by Keegan. And suppose he were. Crime detection was a long series of chance takings, anyway. Risk was better than further waiting for a man who seemed to have no wish to come back. The problem the brush heap hid grew each minute more urgent. England went downstairs and took up the tools.

When he had ducked past the cow barn and had taken the path through the pasture, the sergeant felt better. He slung the tools up on his shoulder and stepped out. In the bright noon light the rough fields and the maple knoll were tame and still as a sepia etching. Their humble calm scoffed at England's earlier uneasiness. He skirted the sugarhouse and went eagerly up the steeper ascent beyond. He flung down the tools when he reached the brush heap and began at once to haul it apart.

Drummond, after alighting from the coupé, turned, raised his hat, and smiled at his daughter.

"Thank you," he said to Morgan, and to Cynthia:

"Honey, when you reach the house you won't—ah, forget why you went back?"

Forget? Morgan thought. No chance. Keegan is there. That's why she's returning.

Pent anger rose to choke him. Cynthia said:

"Don't worry, Aubrey. I never forget the same thing twice."

Drummond stalked toward the hotel door. Morgan saw pathos in his gaunt figure. Cynthia called:

"Make a good speech."

He waved. Morgan thrust in the gear carefully. He fought back the impulse to slam it home and jerk his companion's neck. He turned and



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Smoking  
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drove back the way they had come in sullen silence. He was stiffly wretched. He warned himself to watch his temper and curb his tongue, yet he knew how frail their tethers were. If Cynthia felt his hard-held silence, she gave no sign. She lit a cigarette and held out the case to him.

He saw that her hand trembled, and this, for no clear reason, made him angrier. He shook his head and tramped hard on the throttle.

The girl asked, in an odd tone that he thought hid fright:

"What's the matter?"

"The matter?" he repeated.

Her laugh was strained. "Why all the haste?"

"I understood you had an important letter to write."

She ignored the leaden sound of his voice. She gave the little throaty laugh he had loved.

"For a girl my age, I can write quite fast. It won't take all afternoon, and it's too pretty a day to be all blurred by speed, isn't it?"

Sullenly obedient, he drove more slowly. She looked at him a long minute before she spoke.

"What's the matter?" she said again. The strained note still was in her voice. Perhaps she wondered whether he knew. Let her worry, then!

"I'm sorry," Morgan said slowly. "I can't tell you. And perhaps it wouldn't interest you if I could."

She said "Oh" in a small voice, and they drove a silent mile. He glanced at her, met her eyes, and looked hastily away. Cynthia asked at last, with forced gaiety:

"It is about Arthur? Did we drag you away to Atlas just as you were about to catch him?"

"No."

Morgan looked at her briefly again. She was like a distressed and lovely child. For an instant he thought it were easier to believe her pose than the evidence of his own ears, and sneered at his weak idiocy. Then thought of how much, a few hours back, this drive with her would have meant to him turned him bitterly eager for strife.

Cynthia said in a hushed, unwilling voice:

"I'm going to tell you something. Perhaps it won't interest you, either. I—"

SHE hesitated a long instant on the brink of confession. Morgan thought: She suspects that I know. She's going to try to close my mouth by confiding in me.

He waited, on guard. The girl seemed to find it hard to go on. She finished at last:

"I—I didn't really forget the letter Aubrey wanted written. I just didn't write it. I—I wanted to go back home."

This was a soft and crafty attempt to enlist him on her side—hers and Keegan's. Next she would be appealing to his chivalry and begging his aid. He said nothing and drove woodenly on. After a long moment Cynthia asked:

"You know why, don't you?"

Morgan had stood enough. The hushed question, her growing uneasiness broke down his last restraint. He glanced once more at her face. It was pale, pleading. Then he let her have it, smashing her pretense, speaking slowly, eyes on the road:

"You want to go home because it's the first step toward Naples, Algiers, Cairo, Ceylon, Bali."

He heard her say "Oh" and did not look around. They drove in silence. When she spoke again, her voice had changed—it had edge and temper:

"You said that before. Just as we reached the hotel. I wondered then if it could be coincidence. It wasn't."

"Not coincidence: enlightenment."

She had hold of herself now and saw it was useless to pretend. She drew away from him and sat, taut and straight, in the seat's far corner.

"You—eavesdropped?"

He nodded, and then defended himself against her little blighting laugh.

"Not—willingly."

She laughed again, a bitter sound.

"How can one peep and overhear unwillingly?"

He did not answer. He had thought to accuse her and now she was accusing him. Her mind was too fast for him. He could gall her most by silence. She bore it only an instant, and went on with mocking scorn:

"I suppose you are priding yourself on the success of—your police work. To me, it seems rather little and—just the least bit foul."

Anger shone in her eyes, glowed on her face. Her beauty turned Morgan's wrath for a moment. He said almost thoughtfully—as if to himself:

"Yes. So it seemed to me then. So it seems to me now."

The odd, regretful answer puzzled her for a moment. Then she attacked it:

"I suppose that is meant as a reproach—a priggish reference to my duty and so forth. What are you going to do—Rollo? Run to Aubrey with the news you got so—honorably?"

HE had hurt her. The wildness of her speech told him so. And he was glad. He shrugged.

"Do? Nothing. It's none of my business. You've nothing to fear from me."

"How gallant!" she said. Her sneer stung.

"I speak only for myself. I can't vouch for—my companion."

She was openly wrathful no longer. She hid anger under a pose of loftiness.

"Oh, there were two of you, then, spending a happy dirty morning? One woman ought to be flattered to have two detectives prowling after her."

He tried to match her feigned indifference.

"Oh, let's stop it! What you and your fat doctor do is your own affair. I'm not interested."

He silenced her for an instant, and was half sorry. Strife with her was warmer, more dear than the loneliness that would come when they reached their journey's end. He knew—and was ashamed of his abjectness—that he loved her more deeply than ever before.

Cynthia asked suddenly:

"Oh, you remember now that Dr. Keegan was your—dupe as well? Is that why you're going to let your—accomplice have the dangerous job of slandering him?"

She hit him where for long he had been raw with dislike and distrust of the physician. His anger blazed so wildly that she shrank. He heard himself snarl:

"Tell him what I've told you as soon as we get home. I'll wait outside for him. I'll even carry him in again afterward. I'll—"

He strangled his rage, but it was too late. Cynthia said with stinging malice:

"Spoken like a policeman! When you've beaten up a smaller and weaker man, that makes everything just all right, doesn't it? You'll have done your good deed for the day then."

Her mirth had the harsh tinkle of breaking glass. He swung the car off the highway onto the dirt road. Their drive together was over. The thought cut, abating his anger, leaving in its place dull emptiness. He said:

"You needn't preach your pacifism; Keegan is quite safe," and turned in at the driveway. She did not answer. He added as they drew up at the porch:

"When your letter is ready, I'll take it into town for you."

She had let herself out so quickly that he had had no chance to open the door for her. Now she faced him. Her blue eyes burned. Color had left even her lips.

"I could hardly—trust you now. Leave the car here. I'll take it in myself."

"You forget," he told her politely, "that you have no license."

## GET YOUR BREAKFAST-TABLE NEWS THE NIGHT BEFORE!

Tune in these stations for the late evening news brought to you by one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

**WABC—New York . . . ANDRE BARUCH**

11 P.M., D.S.T., each weekday, except Thursday

**CKLW—Detroit . . . . . JOE GENTILE**

6.15 P.M., E.S.T., each weekday, except Sunday



She said in an angry, stifled voice: "I haven't forgotten. I'd rather be arrested again than—than—"

She choked, whirled about, and ran up the steps into the house. He got out and, robbed of other retort, slammed the door hard and stalked around to the back yard.

Morgan went on to the garage. He could not know that the girl had stolen upstairs, locked the door of her room, and now lay on her bed, weeping.

Her late antagonist went slowly to his own chamber. He weighed, as he climbed, the wisdom of telling England of his strife. He was not at all sure the sergeant would approve. He was not even certain he himself had not been foolishly rash. Relief was Morgan's first feeling when he found the room empty. Disappointment followed it.

He ran downstairs again, and saw the tools were missing. England had gone to unlock the brush pile's secret without waiting for him.

Morgan lingered, looked doubtfully toward the house, and then made up his mind. He strode toward the path England had taken.

At that minute the sergeant, amid the fragments of the scattered brush pile, cast aside a last shovelful of loose earth, gasped, and bent above a shallow hole where the heap had stood. He dropped to hands and knees and pawed in the damp clay.

His mind was too intent to mark the looming peril. He had no chance to defend himself against the weight of a body that dropped suddenly upon his back, or the blow that sent him forward on his face beside the pit he had dug.

LONG afterward Morgan often wondered why he had not felt the peril brooding on that hill in the bright November noon. Men who walk with danger learn to know its presence. Service in the state police had lent Morgan his share of that sixth sense—the response, beyond actual thought, to trouble in the air.

This should have cried out against the danger that was laired on the maple knoll. No such warning reached Morgan. He tramped up the path eagerly, with a growing relief, and saw only the warm brown slope where leaves were washed in sunlight, the massed gray trunks of trees, and, above their haze of twigs, a cheerful sky.

The stormy homeward ride with Cynthia had drained Morgan's mind. His head felt empty. His nerves slackened and were soothed now by exercise. The sun's good warmth soaked into him. He hurried on to meet England.

At the edge of the maple grove he met a hunter. Morgan was startled by the sudden encounter. He flinched and gasped, and the other man, marking his surprise, grew uneasy too.

"Hi," said the stranger, and stared. He wore a red cap and mackinaw. His brier-frayed trousers were thrust into high boots and he cradled a re-

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## HALF *AND* HALF

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No Bite!



Still no Bite!

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FIZZ

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peating rifle in one sinewy arm. "You skeered me—some," he accused. "What's the matter?" "You scared me, too," Morgan grinned. "Did you run into a state cop—Sergeant England—up there?" He pointed uphill. The other gnawed a corner from a tobacco plug and shook his head. All the while his small bright eyes traveled over Morgan's body.

"All day long," the hunter grumbled, "I ain't seen nothin' else but state cops. Enough to chase all the deer clear to Canada. They're lookin' for this escaped convict feller—Flash Arthur. Mebbe you've heard of him?"

He asked the question with a sudden forward thrust of his head. Morgan nodded:

"Who hasn't? Then you didn't see a trooper up on the hill?"

"Nope. I just come over it. Didn't see nobody. What you want with this—Sergeant England?"

"Nothing," Morgan said in haste. "I just wondered, that's all. Well, much obliged."

The other shifted his rifle a little before he blurted:

"Hear tell there's been a thousand-dollar reward put up for whoever finds this Arthur."

"Hope you find him," Morgan said. "Be better than any buck, eh? Good luck."

He stepped past the hunter and went on up the trail. He did not know that the other man half raised his rifle, lowered it, and then, taking great care, followed.

Where the path skirted the base of the mound on which the sugarhouse stood, Morgan paused. No sound came from the crumbling building, yet he called, "Harry!" in a guarded voice. His halt and his hail troubled his pursuer. The hunter waited behind a tree until Morgan, getting no answer, went on up the hill.

SO still was the wood, so motionless were shadows on leaves, that it was hard for Morgan to believe England was there. He listened for the crackle of brush or thud of pick and shovel. So intent was he on looking and listening for the sergeant that he reached the brush pile before he knew it.

Dead branches had been cast off the heap. Its diminished remnant had been overturned, so that at the bottom earth-caked twigs now were uppermost. The pickax lay beside the path. But England was not here.

Morgan stared at the widespread litter before him, and felt the faint and chill beginnings of dread.

Beyond the overturned mass of brush, he saw that earth had been disturbed. A branch popped beneath his foot as he stepped forward. He gasped at the sound.

"Get hold of yourself, you fool," he muttered, and felt how swiftly he was being pushed toward the edge of panic. He moved around the heap that barred his view, and saw, not the uniformed horror that fright had

whispered lay there, but only the upset mass of brush and a mound of loose clay beside it. Beyond, where the heap had stood, was a shallow hole. That was all, and this meek ending to his fright shamed him.

He peered down at the pit the sergeant had dug. Nothing was there but a rim of frost crystals, the damp glisten of underlying brown earth. If Hamlet, the dog, had been right, if he and England had been right, the sergeant had found and taken elsewhere whatever the heap had hid.

It must have been urgent, or England would have waited for him. England would not have cast aside the pick and disappeared unless his digging had yielded some important clue. Could it have been—the thought sent prickling excitement along Morgan's spine—Arthur's loot, the veritable Larkspur emeralds and the other jewels?

Morgan looked about him, hoping with no real hope that he should see the gray-uniformed sergeant come striding toward him through the clustering trees. Morgan again stared dully into the hole.

The marks of the spade were sharp on the damp sides of the hole—and there was a print of England's shoe, clear on the base of the mound of dug clay. There was something more. There were dents in the pit's near rim. Morgan squatted above them. They were prints of the sergeant's fingers, stamped into the soft earth. England had bent, as Morgan bent now, and, with hands clutched on the edge of the hole, had peered down at something.

At what? The earth itself bore no mark of treasure chest or other secret that had rested there. Loose clay was scattered in the pit's bottom, and through this thrust outcroppings of a ledge. One brown lump looked a little like a mittened hand; and beyond it, close to the far wall, lay a boulder that resembled the featureless head of a man—Strake's head, bandage-masked.

Morgan gripped the excavation's edge as England had clutched it. A small voice that he did not know was his own whimpered:

"Oh, God! Oh, God!"

He looked down at his hands and saw the earth give way beneath them. He looked up at the interlaced maple branches and beyond them the sanity of the sky, and hugged a desperate disbelief.

Yet, when he dared to look again into the pit, he wondered how he could have stared so long and yet have seen only twig shadows and the ledge's outcrop. He stretched trembling fingers and forced himself to brush at the crumbly earth covering what he still told himself without belief could not be a mittened hand. The soil flaked away and he saw a patch of underlying brown-stained fabric.

There was no doubt now. That was a man's body in there. Some one had buried it beneath the brush pile. Some one had swathed it like an Egyptian



mummy and had hidden it. And England—

Morgan shook his head as though motion might quicken his stalled brain, and, looking up, saw beyond the pit, beyond the upset heap of branches that guarded it, a figure in a gray uniform peering down at him.

"Harry—" he began thickly. Then he stopped. There were sergeant's chevrons on the stranger's sleeves—but the face beneath the gray slouch hat was not England's. There was a gun in the state trooper's hand. Morgan stared into the steel-rimmed black of its muzzle.

*Whose body lies beneath the brush pile? And who pounced on Sergeant England as he made the startling discovery? What is Morgan facing in that gun muzzle—death or arrest? By whose hand? The story races to one climax after another as it finishes in next week's Liberty.*

## TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Whose likeness appears in the accompanying photo? Hohenheim, Strassburg, Munich, Giessen, and Würzburg knew him as a professor of physics. At the last, he detected the invisible presence of radiations of extremely high frequency

named for himself and also for an unknown quantity.

2—A 20-inch cube may be divided into how many 2-inch cubes?

3—The taste of which two whiskies is most difficult to counterfeit?

4—What are the capitals of Florida, South Dakota, Washington?

5—Is Senator Rush Holt more than twenty-eight, thirty-five, or forty years of age?

6—What saying about figs means good does not come from evil?

7—Which two cities are connected by the Panama Canal?

8—Are dogs permitted in passenger coaches of U. S. railroads?



9—In the Bible, who prayed inside a mammal?

10—Nock, foreshaft, feather, and head are parts of what?

11—Is Sioux Falls north, east, south, or west of Sioux City?

12—Now that U. S. banknotes are smaller, how much does the government save?

13—Strictly speaking, a boat is propelled by what?

14—Also strictly speaking, small arms are never what?

15—Which famous event did Mid-day Sun win this year?

16—Tannic acid is obtained from what beverage?

17—Catgut generally comes from which animal?

18—Who was the "father" of angling?

19—What is a lady fox?

20—Which Hungarian composer produced the oratorio, The Legend of Saint Elisabeth?

(Answers will be found on page 60)



# CAVEMAN got a break!

Not many comforts in the life of an ancient caveman! But he had one enviable piece of luck—tooth troubles seldom attacked him! His teeth were kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough, chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

We civilized moderns eat soft, refined foods that offer our teeth and gums not nearly enough wholesome exercise.



**DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER!** We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and

firm, teeth sound and white! **LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!** Just taste Dentyne for yourself—that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature)—made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.

HELPS KEEP  
TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

# DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



# COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

8/14/37

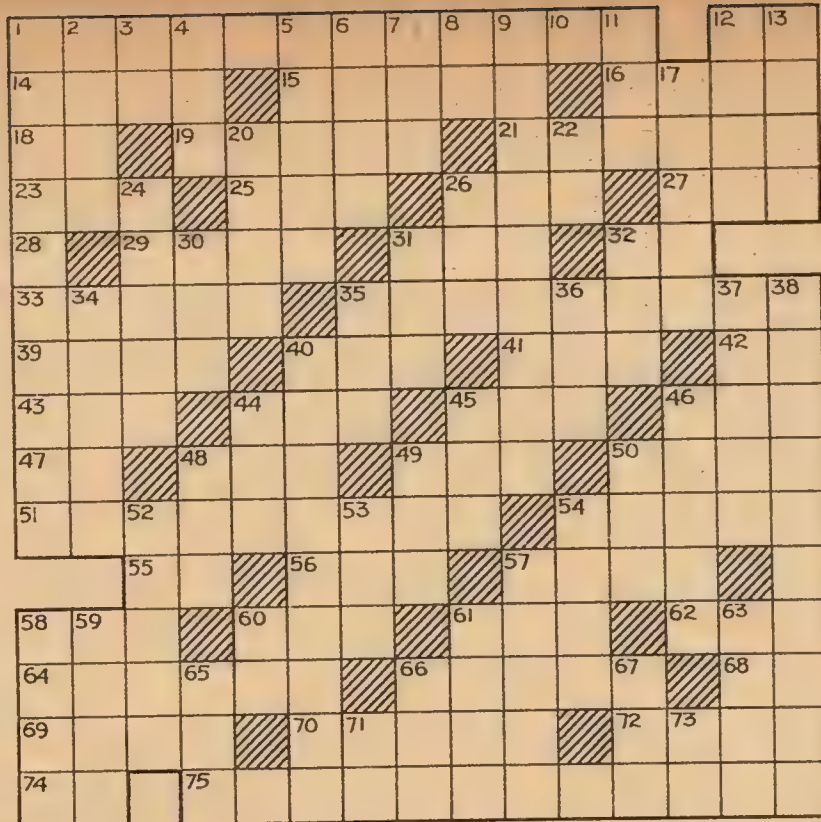
## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Feminine American's heart throb (two words)
- 12 Gaseous Discharge in England (abbr.)
- 14 You take this with bicarb
- 15 The seating problem here is very uncertain
- 16 Gracie Allen's idiot child
- 18 Conversational burp
- 19 Last thing you like to use on a car
- 21 Collections of old-fashioned mugs
- 23 Maker of used cars
- 25 Bullet that does away with kings
- 26 There are only three in Greece
- 27 A victim of setting-up exercises
- 28 A grand letter to Pluto
- 29 Rocker music
- 31 Big speech from heap big Injun
- 32 1/2-doz. snorts (abbr.)
- 33 Rug dunk
- 35 This kind of person sees eye to eye
- 39 What women resort to to get home rule
- 40 What those cheap colors did
- 41 Asinine meal
- 42 Xerxes' Earache (abbr.)
- 43 Ye Olde Rustic Booze Parlor
- 44 What women do for black underwear
- 45 Satanette
- 46 Has been
- 47 It's no good if it gets a hole in it (abbr.)
- 48 Is able to evade the income tax
- 49 Cockney speed ball
- 50 Anti-baby squeak
- 51 Well, we did away with this; now how about the crooner?
- 54 In eating this makes waist
- 55 Letter carrier (abbr.)
- 56 Home on the range
- 57 This came after the crash
- 58 Haggard's strip-teaser
- 60 Modern way of going to town
- 61 This precedes the reel
- 62 O. Henry to his maw
- 64 English translation: "Might I

- attempt to attract your attention, sir?" (two words)
- 66 Pigs must be killed before they're this
- 68 Pop for the young
- 69 Maxwell's gamest dotter
- 70 River of Unrest
- 72 Fist in war, fist in peace
- 74 Sky pilot (abbr.)
- 75 Dees she get around! (two words)

## VERTICAL

- 1 Old-fashioned weather forecaster
- 2 Scotch turbines
- 3 Bachelor of Scientific ball-carrying (Notre Dame)
- 4 Questions of fact
- 5 They operate this at a loss—for you
- 6 Rent
- 7 The man who made the College Widow
- 8 Youse
- 9 Abhorrent
- 10
- 11 Joke pulled on Adam
- 12 "J. V. to M. F.," the office football
- 13 No woman without one has a future
- 17 Commonest name attached to Rhodes
- 20 Two little boys—one with a nickel, one without
- 22 It's managed to survive without Huey Long (abbr.)
- 24 One of the saner Allens
- 26 Me, myself, and I



GRINDS STY HARASS  
RESORT TRE ORISON  
AT BEE OIL BIDIE  
DIG SPIRALS ADELA  
ERIES MELON SLEEK  
RENT AASWAY ENDS  
HANGS SPURS  
AFTER EAT SLY ALE  
BEARDS PAD EASTER  
AND OAR BAG LATIN  
CRIES BRISK  
ATER LACS BRID ERAS  
SORES PECAN ASIDE  
STRAP SNORTED BOW  
UT TAR ERR ADD RE  
RECEDE REI SETNER  
ERASED YDS TREADS

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 30 Windy opening
- 31 Super-vahz
- 32 Gadget for hugging, scolding, cleaning up after
- 34 What you've got to knock into some women
- 35 This posts ticker prices, was upset in the crash
- 36 This runs up trees
- 37 Puff up
- 38 This is denied bachelors
- 40 Sardine-packing time in the city
- (pl.; two words)
- 44 Knock on wood
- 45 Cause of Flushing in Long Island
- 46 They sit down and strike
- 48 Hossustenance
- 49 Picnic sandwich
- 50 MacHat
- 52 Outlook around London (pl.)
- 53 Have the horsehide applied on the way home
- 54 Gable's salary is simply this
- 57 What a strip tease
- 58 Tanning done here
- 59 The flapper's father—a sketch
- 60 Follows a heave at sea
- 61 Jupiter's nag
- 63 Kind of gossip heard on Olympus
- 65 The sweetest of the O'Briens
- 66 Non-union-suited outfit (abbr.)
- 67 Short division
- 71 Shortest hour of any day
- 73 Heard around bars

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

## CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

*writes-*

**WHAM! HIS TIRE BLEW OUT AND A HAPPY VACATION CAME TO A SAD ENDING...**



### Read CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND'S True Short Story of The "Close Call" Experienced by a Massachusetts Motorist



CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

HERE is a story from real life—and if it saves any lives I'll more than be repaid for my effort.

It's about Rogers Cox of Newton Highlands, Mass. Rogers, his brother, sister and a friend had enjoyed two weeks of fishing, golfing, dancing, swimming. Now it was all over except for the long drive back home. As they rolled along the Newburyport Turnpike the unexpected happened. WHAM! A front tire collapsed. The car, out of control, sideswiped two

trees before a third tree halted its wild course.

Motorists, when a TIRE BLOWS OUT—well, it's too late to be sorry then! The time to equip your car with Goodrich Silvertowns is *right now!* These tires have something no other tire can give you—the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to re-

sist the terrific internal tire heat that causes many of these tragic blow-out accidents. By resisting this internal tire heat, the Golden Ply protects you and your family against these blow-out dangers.

Rogers Cox has taken a long vacation from tire worries. His car is equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns. Decide that you, too, are going to *play safe*, with Silvertowns.



## Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

The Only Tire With Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection



THE train swarmed with celebrities—a United States senator, a screen comedian, a millionaire industrialist, famous athletes, a bishop, a general, a portrait painter. It stopped at a small station. There was a crowd there, a band playing, a proud and weepy woman, and a freckle-faced boy who was kissing her good-by.

"So long, champ!" men shouted to the boy.

He disengaged himself from his mother's arms, grinned, caught up a battered suitcase, and leaped aboard. It was the senator who asked him the first question:

"What kind of champion are you, son?"

"Soapbox Derby," he said. "City champion. I'm going to Akron, Ohio, to compete in the finals—and win!"

The listeners were puzzled. What was the Soapbox Derby? Anything like the Kentucky Derby?

The boy laughed. "It's got the Kentucky Derby backed off the boards! Say, there were a hundred and ten thou-

sand people watching the races at Akron last year. This year there may be a million! It's just for kids, but it's the biggest amateur sporting event in the country. Say, you ought to see those races. Homemade automobiles! Each kid has to make his own out of anything he can get—soapboxes, packing crates, baby buggies, rocking chairs—anything that'll make a chassis. Then you got to get some wheels. That's the hardest part. Then you got to figure on a steering apparatus, brakes, and everything but a motor. Can't spend more than ten dollars. Got to make your auto according to rules. The auto company that got up the idea makes the rules."

"First you make your auto," a celebrated prizefighter said, "then you race it. That the idea, champ?"

There was a look in the boy's eyes that anybody could read. He knew the prizefighter; had been his worshiper. Now he felt himself his equal. "Yeah," he said. "That's the idea, champ." The two shook hands.

"Champ," the senator demanded, "how many boys are competing against you?"

"One hundred and nineteen—not counting a kid coming from South Africa, another from Hawaii, and one or two from different parts of Canada."

"You traveling on your own?"

"Not me. The auto company, or my home-town newspaper, or both of them—I don't know—are sending me to Akron. And my car, too. Nothing's too good for us."

"And what do you get out of it, if you win?"

"A four-year course in any state university. That's the big prize. But there are lots of other prizes—an automobile, money, cups, medals—"

"How many boys do you suppose were in this business of making and racing these cars?"

"Gee, I don't know! Me and the other hundred and nineteen each had to race against about a hundred others. I beat about ninety in my town."

"How old are you, champ?" a star golfer asked.

"Thirteen."

The millionaire industrialist took a memorandum book from his pocket.

"What day do you race?"

"August fifteenth."

The millionaire wrote: "Soapbox Derby. Akron. Aug. 15." Then he said, "I'll be there, champ!"

And to the other grown-up celebrities he said warmly:

"There's no sport in the world like boys vying with other boys not only in speed but in skill—in design, in craftsmanship, in building something worth while. Ambition! Opportunity! Courage! By George, I can see those boys racing down the hill now! And I envy them!"

"That's the talk," said the senator. "This is one of the few decent things anybody has ever done for boys on

such a magnificent scale. Champ, I'm proud to know you, and I hope you win."

"Oh, I'll win," the boy said. "I got to. If I don't I won't be able to go to college, maybe."

"Nonsense," the senator said. "Your father—"

"He's dead," the boy said.

For a moment nobody said anything. Then the pugilist ventured, "Shucks, champ, that's too bad! But, say, what a kick your ma's going to get out of this when you bring home that bacon! I bet she'll be right there at the ringside—on the radio, I mean—when you—"

"Sure," the boy said. "Sure she will."

"What's your ambition, champ?" the general inquired. "After you finish college, what do

you want to be—want to make of yourself?"

"I don't know," the boy said frankly. "I want to be rich, of course—so's I can help mom and the kids."

Gradually the celebrities began drifting to the dining car. The biggest and youngest and newest of them was escorted by a famous shortstop and the fighter.

"A fine boy," the bishop said. "And what a superb thing for boys! This chap probably worked for weeks and weeks on that auto. Boys all over the country probably spent most of their vacation that way—in wholesome work, in study. They profited—how much no man can say—even if they didn't come near winning any prize. This Soapbox Derby gave them an objective, a big objective, and they did their best to achieve it."

The portrait painter was intent on finishing a rough sketch he had made of the boy. "So long as America does things like this for its boys," he said, "America needn't fear for the future."

Under the sketch he lettered a title: American Idol—Latest Model. The Soapbox Derby Champ, 1937.

THE END

## GOOD LUCK, *Champ!*



"I'll win!" The crowning thrill of the great Soapbox Derby.

Honor, fame, the top of the world at 13!...A new sport classic gives the world a new kind of hero

By DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS



# BUILDERS OF *Men*

## A stirring look at American boyhood learning to face a changing world as progressives with feet on the ground BY FLOYD GIBBONS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

**H**ELLO, everybody: This grand and glorious vacation season is entering the home stretch. Pretty soon millions of youngsters will be dragging reluctant legs back to the old campus.

It is not fair to say all those boys and girls will be reluctant. The exceptions will be those who were genuinely sorry when the school year broke up, a few short months ago. I was privileged to sit in on that scholastic round-up, and am mighty grateful for the opportunity, for it brought home to me as never before what a whooping big event commencement is in American school life.

The gripping period following the benediction—when it was time to say good-by—was a real tear-jerker. Leaving school for the last time is, in itself, hard enough. But when you pile on top of that the farewells you have to make to the pals of three or four years, it is mighty tough going.

It made even me just a little weepy to watch the strained tear-stained faces of the boys at Castle Heights Military Academy in sunny Tennessee. Twenty-seven cadets from sixteen states left Castle Heights that day. The eyes of some were still red and wet as they went through the motions of packing.

The crying of those cadets started me thinking. There must, I thought, be something unusual about a school that could make healthy, normal boys act that way. For I don't mind admitting there was never a tear in my eye on the last day of school. Weep, with vacation just around the corner? Great jumping Jehoshaphat!

I was still wondering about it a few minutes later,

Colonel Bernarr Macfadden, two sons, and the author at Castle Heights. The title of Colonel was conferred by Governor Browning of Tennessee for work in education.



sitting there on the vine-covered porch of Colonel H. L. Armstrong, president of the school. I had never run into anything like it before. It upset my idea of how people acted on the final day of school. And my idea, also, of the way schools are run. Those ideas of mine, I am afraid, were somewhat sketchy and old-fashioned. So, still a reporter, I decided to bring them up to date.

Something of the sort may have been in the mind of Colonel Bernarr Macfadden when he asked me to attend commencement at Castle Heights Military Academy. The academy is controlled by the Macfadden Foundation. Moreover, Colonel Macfadden is publisher of Liberty Magazine.

Colonel Macfadden is real proud of Castle Heights. He wants all the world to know about it. So he asked me to help by writing a yarn about it. My interest in the assignment went up by leaps and bounds when I saw those tears. They set my nose for news a-twitching.

I found Castle Heights on the edge of Lebanon, one of those easygoing towns of around 5,000 you will come across in central Tennessee. It comes mighty close to being the sweetest spot in the state.

But it isn't just location that makes upstanding cadets cry when they are leaving their military academy. Comradeship does it. Comradeship is the result of atmosphere. And, as I found out, it is the faculty alone that creates atmosphere. A faculty which understands with Colonel Armstrong that "the youth of today faces a world totally different from that of his parents. The pace is swifter . . . demands are greater."

I was mighty glad to learn that they realize at Castle Heights the tremendous problems that must be solved by the ripening generation. Communists recognized that important fact long ago. That is why they have devoted so much time and energy in trying to convert and organize American youth.

The first thing a Castle Heights boy learns is how to study. Each boy is given a book that informs him how his brain functions, how to form the habit of study, under what conditions his mind will absorb knowledge most easily.

At first that sounded to me like high-brow bunk. But it isn't. It's plain uncommon sense written simply and understandingly by Major Dan Kendall, the headmaster. With such a book to start him on his way, a boy just can't help finding out what makes the wheels go round. If, however, he turns out to be a dumbbell, Castle Heights ships him back to where he came from.

Your reporter was surprised to find a military academy where the scholastic ranks the military. Yes, sir; learning at Castle Heights comes first, last, and all the time. And certainly easier than in any school I ever looked over. No class larger than twelve cadets. Five hours of classes—from eight to one—five days a week. Lots of time for individual instruction. And the instructors put it over, even in mathematics. Maybe I'd have learned more, too, if the subject had been made interesting. They do it at Castle Heights through an aviation ground school. All of the youngsters are decidedly air-minded; they fairly gorge themselves on anything to do with planes and flying. And when they finish the ground-school course, they have also picked up a lot of math, almost unconsciously, while analyzing problems of construction and flight.

But there is a lot more to instruction than those five hours of classes a day. For instance, those cadets whose work was unsatisfactory at morning class put in an hour





### Castle Heights Academy, the school boys hate to leave.

of supervised study in the afternoon—an hour when cadets in good standing will be enjoying themselves. And all of them, from the dumbest to the smartest, study from seven to nine forty on five nights a week. This is according to the theory that the brain is in the best condition just before bedtime to retain what is presented to it.

From one in the afternoon until seven in the evening, the cadets forget about studies, at least those who are up in them. Four afternoons a week are devoted to drill and athletics. Speaking of athletics brings up the question of diet. You know, some people regard Colonel Macfadden as a crank on food. If he is, he's a mighty good one, for at threescore and ten he can still hike thirty miles a day on his own dogs! But just to keep the record straight, let me tell you the Colonel is not a vegetarian. Those husky cadets at Castle Heights can have about everything they want to eat except pepper and condiments. And he insists whole-wheat flour and whole-corn meal be used exclusively.

That is not much of a restriction on diet, but it may be one of the reasons there was not a single case of serious illness among the 350 members of the corps of cadets during the last school year.

Those cadets seem to do very well without white bread,

The following telegram was received from the War Department by Colonel H. L. Armstrong, President of Castle Heights Military Academy:

JUNE 16 1937

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY SELECTED AS HONOR MILITARY SCHOOL 1937 STOP SECRETARY OF WAR EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS

CONLEY ADJ GENERAL  
WASHINGTON D C

pepper and other spices. For example, take that Castle Heights football team that went North to tackle the high-school champions of the City of New York. Neither side had scored at the end of the third quarter. In the final period Castle Heights ran up nineteen points. And that, by golly, is what I call stamina.

Castle Heights captured the Midsouth basketball championship last season; had a good record in other sports. Its cadets are experts in jujitsu. One reason the jujitsu course is so popular is that the physical director, Lieutenant Anthony Flores, is also president of the American Judo (jujitsu) Club. Under his direction a half hour is spent out of doors in the vigorous calisthenics of the Macfadden system of exercise. Following this limbering up, each boy reports to the coach of his chosen sport, for each cadet must major in some form of athletics. Increased facilities for this program will be provided by a spacious new \$50,000 gymnasium.

And cadets are taught to take care of themselves in other ways. They must go to church on Sundays. Greek-letter fraternities, gambling, and cigarettes are prohibited. When he is sixteen, a cadet may smoke a pipe, or cigars, if he has permission from home. Large amounts of spending money and credit accounts are frowned upon.

The Castle Heights boys are put through plenty of the military stuff. From what I saw of them, they liked it. And from the way they looked, it had done them a world of good. Cream of the crop. Prepared to step into a world

that is still clamoring, despite unemployment, for youth and brains. They knew they were good.

One of the reasons is Farrin A. Hillard, captain of infantry, who was graduated from West Point in 1918. As professor of military science and tactics, he supervises one hour and fifteen minutes of military instruction four days a week. Every graduate of Castle Heights is commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve after he has completed a short course in a summer R. O. T. C. camp. I wish there were more of them. They are mighty good insurance.

This thought came to me while I was watching the battalion parade: "Are we, as a people, dumb enough to again be caught flat-footed as we were in '17?"

Well, sir, those 350 cadets I saw parading were not going to be found napping!

No responsible American wants war. But no responsible American will deny there are incendiaries in high places in this unsettled world of ours. It is no more than prudent, therefore, that nations like ours should protect themselves.

Don't get the idea they are trying to make soldiers at Castle Heights. Not by a long shot. They are trying to build men—as Colonel Armstrong has written—"who can obey as well as command; who have self-control, initiative, brains, manners, and the highest standards of personal conduct and human relations."

It has been found through long experience that the best way to get these laudable results is through a military organization run largely by the cadets themselves. The honor system prevails. If a boy makes a bad slip, his case is taken up by the Honor Council, composed of seven or more cadets. The sentence the Honor Council imposes upon an erring cadet is usually final, although it must be approved by Colonel Armstrong.

During his first year at Castle Heights a cadet is a private. He will become a corporal in his second year, if he is worthy. He will be promoted to sergeant in his third year, if he can make the grade. And in his last year he may become a cadet officer in the battalion.

One of the things that impressed me most at Castle Heights is the way they are helping those youngsters choose their life's work: finding out what profession each cadet is best fitted for and directing him into that field.

Promise in debate may reveal an embryonic lawyer. Management of student activities brings out executive ability. The weekly school paper, *The Cavalier*, gives the would-be writer a chance to show how good he is.

With all this painstaking guidance, I was not surprised to see *The Cavalier* boasting a little.

"We have been privileged," it said, "to watch the remarkable growth of our Alma Mater. By actual statistics it has developed more in the past three years than any other school in the United States. Applications have been refused during the past two years because of lack of room. We have seen the purchase of new property, the erection of new buildings, to take care of our rapidly growing C. H. When we think of this, like the men of old—'Great thoughts, great feelings, come to us, like instincts unawares.'"

There was no doubt about those "great feelings" on May 31—the last day at Castle Heights—when cadets were standing at attention around the flagpole. It got under my skin, too, to watch those healthy youngsters wilt under the strain of parting.

THE END





# FAMILY SCANDAL

*By* CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. "Don't go away," he begged, "now that you've just come."

PART TEN — CONCLUSION

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

COMING to in a hospital room is almost always a pleasant experience. At that first moment of return to consciousness, the body—even in pain—usually feels well taken care of. The mind is foggily free from active problems.

Bill opened heavy, uneager eyes. Or eye. For his right one was blanketed by a bandage. The room was darkened. He was alone. Everything seemed vague, formless, although he could distinguish, beyond the partially open door, a blur of white and other darker blurs.

He lay in a state of peaceful abstraction. Not wondering what had happened or how he had arrived where he was. It was easier to let his brain sleep.

Then a low but distinct voice shattered his peace: "We're doing everything in our power to save the sight of that eye. As far as that goes, he'll be fortunate if the other holds its own."

The words and their horrible implication seared against the bright throbbing blackness of Bill's now thoroughly awakened mind.

He forced his unbandaged eye to try to pierce the shadows of the room, to recognize chairs, bureau, table, flowers. Yes, flowers! . . . But what kind were they? He couldn't see! . . . What color? Yellow? Pink? No—gray! Shuddering, he closed his eyes.

It is hard to fight, lying flat on your back. And fear is the greatest enemy in the world. Bill fought it. He knocked down picture after picture that stormed the

battlements of his mind. Blind beggars moved uncertainly there. War veterans stumbled along behind Seeing-Eye police dogs. He saw himself wearing dark glasses, lying in a deck chair on the yacht—while his beloved sparkling sea rolled by him in blackness. He saw himself being guided by Harriet, or Travers, or perhaps a male nurse, to the opera, to concerts. Plays would be no good to him!

What would be good to him from now on! What was there? How could such emptiness be faced! . . . Milton went on, he told himself. But you'll never be a Milton—even if you will be blind!

Bill struggled to sit up in bed. The effort proved too much for him. He slipped back into unconsciousness.

Soon, although Bill didn't know it, his father, Roberta, and a doctor entered the room. Roberta, controlled, poised as always, in her smart mourning—but a Roberta whose soul showed bare and quivering in her usually serene blue eyes.

And Bill's father? Who so recently had been a wearily dying old man? Madison senior's face was lined with unbelievable mental anguish. But he walked firmly. His voice once again held the note of purpose. Life had one more use for him! His time hadn't yet come to die. His son needed him.

"Please send for Dr. Learned from Boston for consultation. I've cabled Dr. Zeigler in Berlin. He leaves tonight. We're going to lick this!"



"Yes, Mr. Madison." The respect in the doctor's voice wasn't for the Madison millions but for the quiet, even though desperate, fighting spirit of this white-haired shell of a man. . . . "And, Mr. Madison—"

"Yes?"

"You understand that your son must not worry. About anything! . . . Pardon me—but I can't help knowing there have been recent problems in his life. Those must not touch him now! Mental peace is essential."

The doctor's last four words greeted Bill's waking consciousness. He seized on them, rallied to them like a soldier to the colors. But the battlefield before him was pretty gray.

And it continued gray for days. Fortunately he lay under opiates most of the time. But in his moments of wakefulness—when the hospital room was a ghastly place of shifting lights and blurred figures and smells of flowers and antiseptics, Bill faced his own private hell.

It was during one of these strange conscious periods that Bill realized that the nurse standing beside his bed was Anne.

NOT that he saw her—because now both eyes were bandaged, waiting for the operation which the great specialist Zeigler was to perform that afternoon. No, Bill couldn't see the red of her hair, the pallor of her face, the tears in her gray-blue eyes. But he knew her voice and the warm clasp of her hand in his.

"Anne," he murmured.

She caught her breath, started to withdraw her hand. "I didn't know you were awake," she said softly.

"Don't go away," he begged, "now that you've just come."

"How did you know I've just come? You've been asleep so much!"

"I'd know—even in my sleep! . . . Did dad send for you?"

"No, I asked to come. I couldn't bear to stay away!" Her voice choked, but she quickly controlled it. "I was on a case. Dr. Runyon let me leave it."

"Good old Freddie!" The first smile in days crossed Bill's bandaged face. "Delia was devoted to him." Then Bill's smile vanished. "He's taking care of Harriet, Anne. He's about the only other person who knows—besides you and me. . . . Where is Harriet?"

Anne groped swiftly for inspiration. She didn't know where Harriet was. No one knew. Not even the private detectives hired by Mr. Madison.

Word had been given to the newspapers that young Mrs. Madison was lying prostrate in her apartment. But the truth was that Harriet had vanished with Ivan Marky on that terrible night a week ago when Bill had been found by some Greenwich Village artists half dead in this same Ivan Marky's room.

"Harriet has gone away for a while, Bill. Your father—thought it better."

"Yes. . . . It's pretty mixed up, isn't it? But this must all be kept quiet—"

"Bill," Anne put her fingers over his lips, "you must not talk of it, or think of it. Please! You're to forget everything but rest and—getting better."

He was still. Comfort seemed to enter him through the contact of her hand and his lips. He kissed her fingers. "It's almost enough, having you here," he murmured.

She bent her bright head over him, tears again in her eyes. And all the while inside her a voice was pleading—"This isn't possible! This can't happen. . . . Not to Bill!"

Roberta and Bill's father saw her standing beside Bill's bed as they quietly approached the slightly open door. They saw the expression on her face, saw Bill's hand in hers, heard only his words, "Anne darling!" And they stayed outside. Now they were beginning to understand Delia's surprising codicil to her will! The same idea came to them both almost at the same moment. In some way Delia had known that these two loved each other.

This, then, was why Delia had left to a girl who was little more than a stranger, money, her pearls, and her blessing!

They spoke of it to each other as they walked away from Bill's room.

"I believe Delia was right," Bill's father murmured thoughtfully. "With that girl Bill might have a chance at happiness!"

"As he wouldn't have had with me?" The words were torn from Roberta. A jealousy, of which she was ashamed, raised its head.

"Exactly." His voice was mild. He looked at his slim young wife understandingly.

"Or—with Harriet?"

"He's had hell with Harriet!"

"I know! . . . It's all been such a mess! I haven't been a very good sport, have I? But I'm going to be! . . . Will—do you think Bill could be happy with Anne Moore, no matter?"—Roberta's breath caught sharply. She hadn't meant to say this, but the thought was so horribly uppermost in her mind—"which way the operation goes?"

"Yes."

Bill, meanwhile, was saying to Anne, "Stay with me, Anne, until they wheel me out. . . . And if the operation isn't successful, tell them to *carry* me out—on a shutter!" He clung to her hand.

"It's going to be successful."

But Anne wasn't as sure as she sounded. Nor was Bill's father, nor Roberta, nor the doctors themselves. The bullet had plowed in dangerously near the optic nerve.

Bill's father trembled as he watched the attendants push the long stretcher on wheels, with Bill's sheeted form on it, out of the doorway of his room toward the anesthesia room. And Roberta, standing there looking at Bill's bandaged head, had completely lost her habitual expression of superior calm. There were tears in her eyes and she, too, was trembling.

Anne, alone of that trio, held herself in perfect control.

She was not going to the operating room with Bill; but she must be nerve-steady, ready to take care of him when he came back.

Bill, in spite of the mummylike wrappings that shut him away from those three who loved him, felt their tension. He tried to relieve it—or at least to lighten it—as he moved past them down the corridor.

"For an old traveler," he said loudly—so that his father might hear, "this is the most degrading way to go from one place to another that I know! I've ridden camels, been pulled in jinrikishas, been carried in sedan chairs—"

But they no longer heard him. He had arrived at the anesthesia room and the doors had closed behind him, even as the stifling doors of unconsciousness began to close and his spirit began to walk further and further down that long black corridor that leads to oblivion.

It was while Roberta and Bill's father were waiting in the deliberately cheerful waiting room that an attendant came for Roberta.

"A young lady to see you, Mrs. Madison. She says it's important. And she asks to see you alone."

"But now? At this time?"

"She's in a great hurry. She says you'll want to see her!"

Roberta looked to her husband. He nodded. Their minds immediately flashed to Harriet. Had she come? Had she sent some one?

"Be sure, first, it's no one from the press," Bill's father said.

"Of course."

Roberta followed the attendant down to the entrance hall of the hospital. There she faced—not Harriet but a wiry sandy-haired person with an extreme Scotch beret pitched over her freckled forehead and a thin knitted suit that displayed her prominent breasts. She held a book tightly in one hand, and her face was tense. Her large light eyes seemed to look everywhere at once before



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When Nature forgets—remember

# EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

she focused them on Roberta. There were, obviously, too many people in the hall for her liking.

"Can I see you alone?" she mumbled.

Roberta had studied her swiftly; decided she was no reporter. "Why, yes . . . in here." . . . It was hard to tear her thoughts away from the operating room upstairs—yet she realized how important any possible news of Harriet would be.

They went into an empty waiting room. Sun streamed through the Venetian blinds. The air was hot, lifeless. Roberta didn't sit down; neither did the obviously overwrought girl who stood clutching the book.

"How is he?" the newcomer demanded.

Roberta frowned. Was this a reporter after all?

"I'm not from a newspaper," the

on this one. She said I was to find you. And you'd know what to do."

"Why me?"

"Because, she says, in the end she understood you. You're hard and ambitious, like her—she said. But you love him, too, and you'll do the right thing."

Roberta's face was white. That was discerning, she thought. "Thank her for me," she said aloud. The girl nodded.

"Now you better read this letter. It'll tell you quicker than I can. . . . Mind if I smoke? I'm a little jumpy. I'm not used to this sort of thing. . . . It's a bit risky, too—what I'm doing, I mean, acting as a go-between or something. Oh, I know more than the papers know! I was the one who found him. I thought he was dead, lying on the floor there. Naturally, I lied to shield Ivan—he's my cousin. But the police aren't so dumb. . . .

NEXT WEEK—

## I MEET EDWARD AND WALLIE

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

LIBERTY'S SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CHÂTEAU CANDE

Here at last is NEWS of the bridal couple on whom the whole world's eyes are fixed! What are their plans? Will they come to the United States—come and stay? Will they return to England—and, if so, how soon? How do they now feel about the storm that was raised against them? About the government? About the masses whom Edward, while King, strove to help? About the danger of a European war and a world cataclysm? About the chance of their aiding Britain, sustaining her present King, and serving humanity everywhere? Burning questions!—which Mr. Vanderbilt's report of his strong impressions during his call upon them will enable you to answer, confidently, for yourself!

## In Liberty Next Week

girl explained quickly. "I'm from *her*—Harriet. . . . And I saw him—Mr. Madison—once—well, twice—just for a few minutes. He looked like a swell guy!"

"Yes," agreed Roberta. "One of the best. But—as yet—we don't know!"

"Oh! How awful for you! Well, she told me to be sure and find out—stay here until it's over! She's almost out of her mind, you see. So's Ivan. Being an artist, he knows how important eyes are. They've read every newspaper for days—but they couldn't learn anything from them."

"We're keeping it out of the papers as much as possible."

"Yes, and you've kept Harriet out. She's grateful for that. Although some detectives did go over to her mother's—but they didn't find anything. . . . But I'm talking too much. Harriet said I wasn't to! I was just to stay till you know how he is. And I was to bring this letter."

The girl opened her book and produced an envelope. "She wrote him one right away, and then—when she heard about his eyes she didn't know who might read it to him. So she wrote two or three more—they were hard to do! And at last she decided

Go on. Excuse me for talking so much! It's only that I've been on edge for days! . . . Please read that letter."

Roberta opened the letter. The other watched her impatiently. Then her pale eyes began to roam nervously about the room. She smoked her cigarette in short jerky puffs. Finally she burst out, "I might go ask at the desk how he is!"

Roberta shook her head. "No. They won't know for some time. Sit down. There are magazines there."

The girl sat down. But she didn't waste her time on magazines. She couldn't have concentrated on them if she had wanted to. She kept her eyes fastened on Roberta. . . . She'd like to draw her as she sat there—all in black—the slits of sunshine from the Venetian blinds high-lighting her fair hair and white skin. . . . She looks like Madame X, thought the girl, with a pleasant tremor. She lighted a second cigarette from the end of her first.

This was the most melodramatic thing that had ever happened to her. And, in common with her cousin Ivan, she adored melodrama.

Meanwhile Ivan had had enough



melodrama to last him for the rest of his life. From the moment when he had fled down the stairs leading from his studio, had jumped into the cab with Harriet, given the driver Harriet's Brooklyn address, and then—his hand across her mouth to prevent a scream—had whispered, "I killed him!"—life for Ivan had been a living hell.

Hiding in the Vallero bakery was safe—for a while. Even if private dicks had prowled around at first and were probably still watching, the Madisons obviously had them so soft-pedaled that they wouldn't dare do anything that the police or press could get in on.

Ivan lay now on a cot bed in a loft above this bakery and tried not to think.

Below him, the life of the business went on—because people must eat. But the voices of the bakers were hushed. There was an air of waiting in the place. They all knew—at least part of the story; enough to make them realize that the bottom had fallen out of Harriet's world.

Harriet, unable any longer to bear the sight of her mother's tragic, pitying eyes, or the stifled sound of her father's sighs, had gone into the little office—there to sit by the telephone and pray. Pray to that childhood God of hers Who had finally caught up with her and had punished her—as she had always felt He would. "Dear God!" she begged. "If only the telephone will ring and Ivan's cousin say, 'He's all right!' I'll spend the rest of my life living any way You want me to! But if he isn't all right—"

Ivan, on his bed upstairs, was thinking similar thoughts. "If only I'd killed him," he told himself, "I could take it. But his eyes! What an ironical twist to the whole affair to have *me* ruin a man's eyes! . . . What if they'd been mine? What if I were lying as he is now—in blackness?" . . . Ivan thought of Kipling's *Light That Failed*—of the pitiable figure of the blind artist. Shuddering, he sat up in bed. He stared gratefully out the small dusty window at the bright blue sky. . . . "Without sight, I'd kill myself, that's what I'd do! Why doesn't that telephone ring!"

A spasm of coughing racked his thin body. He fell back on the bed, hugging his aching chest.

At that moment, in the hospital, white figures were wheeling another white figure from the operating room.

While downstairs in the waiting room, Roberta was reading Harriet's letter:

Dear Bill:

What can I say? If I could only know you're all right! I'm waiting to hear.

If the news is good, I'll go away and never bother you again. Never! I'll go out of the country. You can divorce me easily, quickly, after this confession. I'm enclosing a letter to your

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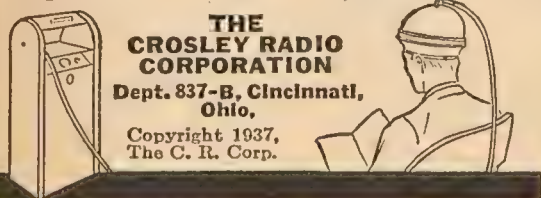
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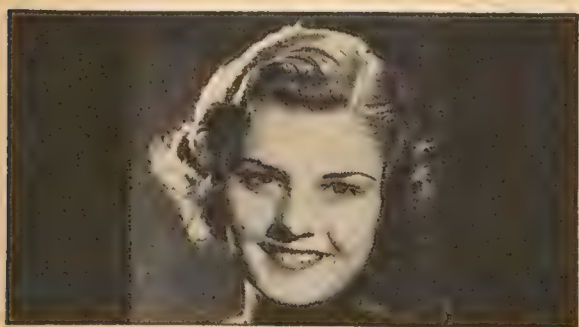
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## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

lawyer that covers everything. I just want to undo, as much as possible, the wrong I've done. I'll marry Ivan.

The child is his. I tricked him too—made him think I loved him—as I did before I knew you.

I did it because I needed a child—to hold you. Our marriage never was a real one, Bill.

But if the news about you is bad, you won't need a divorce. I'll be dead. I mean it.

I've done many things to you, cheated and lied, yet I've managed to live and enjoy myself. But if I felt that because of me you were blinded, then I couldn't live!

Ivan feels as I do. But Ivan won't live long anyway. He is to be pitied. What he did was my fault. He loved me as I have loved you. Arrest and jail would kill him.

Because you don't want further scandal, I'm asking you to call off the detectives that are hunting him. Give us the chance to get out of the country. I'll go with him because it is the only decent thing to do—for his sake, the baby's, and yours. And I'll never bother you again!

HARRIET.

On a second piece of paper was a P. S., erased and rewritten:

P. S. We are keeping the pearls. We need them. You don't. I'm glad nothing was said about them in the papers.

I know you wouldn't want the scandal of trying to recover them.

And I believe—after all you've been through—none of you would ever want to look at them again anyway!

H.

A second P. S. followed—this one crumpled and stained:

Oh, Bill, forgive me, forget me! My only excuse is the one in the Bible—Forgive her; she hath loved much! And even in writing this, I realize that mine is a pretty grim kind of love and one the world is better off without!

I'm praying for you, Bill. I'm waiting to hear.

ROBERTA lifted her white face from the letter.

"Well?" asked the messenger, her tone hushed.

"None of us knows the answer to her main question—how Bill is—yet," Roberta said slowly. "But as for the rest, tell her I can in part understand her. At least, how she feels, if not what she did. Tell her I'm sure the family will do what she asks. It's a small price to pay, after all, for Bill's peace."

"Yes," agreed the girl, not understanding, for she knew nothing of the pearls. "And now, do you think—Maybe it's time to go ask."

They rose simultaneously and moved to the door—to meet Anne coming in, her white face radiant. She threw out her hands to Roberta.

"It was successful! Your husband asked me to tell you! Of course, the doctors aren't sure that everything—oh—"

Roberta put her arms about her.

"Oh, I should not act like this!" Anne protested, after a few moments of trying to control herself. She backed away, quickly wiping her eyes. "It's enough to make me lose my cap! . . . You may come up for a minute—"

"Where's a telephone?" It was Ivan's cousin, her voice breathless.

The other two turned toward her.

"Tell Harriet," Roberta said—for Anne's benefit as well as for the girl's—"that she may leave the country in peace. Have her leave her address with you. Mr. Madison's lawyers will want her to sign some papers. . . . And—thank her for her final gesture."

It was several days before Bill was definitely out of danger. Even then the doctors assured him that long months of patience and care would be necessary.

He and Anne were sitting on a private porch of the hospital, shaded by great awnings from the brilliance of the September sun. Within sight of them, below them, the Hudson River gleamed—on its wide surface barges steaming slowly, ferryboats churning, slim graceful yachts gliding.

Anne no longer wore her uniform. For Bill was going home today. Anne wore the smart new traveling clothes purchased for her trip South on Bill's yacht.

Roberta and Bill's father were going down with them to make arrangements for a simple wedding in the Palm Beach house.

"We'll stay there, darling," Bill said, his hand over hers, his eyes, behind dark glasses, searching her lovely face, "until the season starts. Then we'll pull up stakes for foreign parts. Like the idea?"

"I love it!" said Anne. "And I love you! I adore you, Bill!" She laughed. "None of this seems possible, does it? I've dreamed about you for so long—ever since we were youngsters—and now here we are!"

"Kissing each other!" He leaned toward her.

"Yes, kissing each other!"

"And we're going to be married next month!"

"Three weeks, to be exact!"

"Twenty-one days! That's twenty too long!" Then Bill became serious. "I'm afraid I'm going to be an awful nuisance for a while. Marrying me means another nursing job—for months. Will you mind that so much?"

"Mind?" Her eyes were stars. "I'll never mind anything ever again, so long as I have you!" She laughed. "Besides, I fell in love with the grown-up you, giving your eye medical attention!"

"That's right! But do you think you can manage to keep on loving me, sweet, even when the need for medical attention is over?"

She was in his arms, her lips against his.

"Forever, Bill!"

THE END



# GENIUS COLLIDES WITH LIFE

Zola, Dreyfus live again in a graphic, arresting picture . . . A fantasy of yesterday is reborn

★★★★ THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

**THE PLAYERS:** Paul Muni, Gale Sondergaard, Joseph Schildkraut, Gloria Holden, Donald Crisp, Erin O'Brien-Moore, John Litel, Henry O'Neill, Morris Carnovsky, Louis Calhern, Ralph Morgan, Robert Barrat, Vladimir Sokoloff, Grant Mitchell, Harry Davenport, Robert Warwick, Charles Richman, Gilbert Emery, Walter Kingsford, Paul Everton, Montagu Love, Frank Sheridan, Lumsden Hare, Marcia Mae Jones, Florence Roberts, Dickie Moore, Rolla Gourvitch. Screen play by Heinz Herald, Geza Herezeg, and Norman Reilly Raine from a story by Mr. Herald and Mr. Herezeg. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 122 minutes.\*

**EMILE ZOLA** was France's nineteenth-century contribution to literature. Zola veered away from romanticism into the studied details, the drab monotony of realism; he founded what came to be called the Naturalistic School; he attained riches and fame in picturing the sordid, the abnormal, the pathological.

This curiously absorbing drama takes Zola from garret poverty to success, but it chiefly concerns itself with his awakening from middle-aged complacency and comfort as he battled almost alone in the cause of a Jewish army captain, Alfred Dreyfus, accused of betraying military secrets to Germany and railroaded to lonely sun-baked Devil's Island. Zola's espousal of the condemned Dreyfus brought all his life's work down upon his head, but he lived long enough to see an innocent man vindicated and his own popularity restored. Death came suddenly to Zola as, interest in life reawakened, he was striving furiously to write a book that would save the world from itself, from a great wasteful war. Then it was that France—and the civilized world—paused to honor a great man, and promptly went about its bloody business again.

This is no honeyed romance of the movies. It is no Boy Meets Girl fable. It is genius colliding with life. For it tries honestly to picture the career of a compassionate, understanding observer of humanity. True, it strays away from facts at times—as, for instance, when it shows the complete vindication of Dreyfus on the day of Zola's death. That came much later. But it is a graphic, arresting picture of a great man, of an absorbing period in world history, of a great injustice. And Paul Muni, who seemed to us to fail in a measure as the Chinese coolie crusader of Good Earth, gives a detailed, vivid, rounded picture of the Parisian who left such a mark upon the world's literature, who hated fresh air as completely as he hated inhumanity.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Pic sticks monorailishly to the facts, rearranging their historic sequence slightly, and Nana, played by Miss Moore, is the only imaginary character used. Mons. Muni would stand for nothing less,

\* Recommended for children.

## By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY  
3 STARS—EXCELLENT  
1 STAR—POOR  
2 STARS—GOOD  
0 STAR—VERY POOR



Paul Muni in a scene from *The Life of Emile Zola*, an absorbing study of the famous Parisian genius.

having most integrity in Hollywood and ability to get what he wants. . . . Warners put up most of Paris—fifty sets—among the hills of Burbank, and Hollywood's Parisians dropped over on the lot for a whiff of the nostalgic and five dollars extra money per diem. . . . Dolores Weisenfreund, niece of Muni (who used to be a Weisenfreund himself), a drahmah stude in Los Angeles and very pretty, debuts, coached by her uncle. . . . 5,000 used in mob scenes. These mobsters get three dollars a day; they are housewives, reliefites, oldies, kids, and whatnots who average about thirty dollars a year, keep their dreams of Gabledom and Garbodom alive. . . . Only location set was Devil's Island, confected on Goff Island, off Laguna Beach. . . . Morris Carnovsky, the old grampaw in *Odet's Awake and Sing*, was glad he wore heavy whiskers in this role because it hid his camera-shyness.

. . . Muni spent six hours a day in the make-up chair, being tested for all sorts of chin decor; read all of Zola in French to get the Zolaesque thought better; as is his wont, hermitized himself for two months before picture. This is his thirteenth picture. He isn't the least superstitious, except he thinks it's his best. Wants to come out from behind whiskers; announces he will definitely be a smoothie for his next and last for Warners by present contract. Thinks make-up task too arduous, too time-taking. Is in the market for a baby-faced part. May retire forever from screen thereafter, become a producer. Really means it, too. Watched himself be buried in this; was visibly moved. Rehearses in a mirror-lined room. Makes records of his parts, correcting speeches from them, gestures from mirrors. Mrs. Muni listens to him last and gives final O. K. or N. G. by simple head nods. Yes, Zola really dragged himself around that humped up in his declining years. Hardest scenes were those in the fish market, the Muni nose not acting well when five-day-old fish redolented. Could not eat his Friday fish at home that week. . . . Gale Sondergaard's been wrapped up in so much corset whalebone in straitlaced parts, she's beginning to feel like an armadillo. Wants to cut loose from corsets and sling around the glamour. This—Mrs. Dreyfus—is her first sympathetic role. Thinks it's a big step forward from meanies, degraded hags, prisses. Is married to Herman Biberman,

Guild director. Used to be a Detroiter. . . . Henry O'Neill wouldn't think of playing a role without consulting his fan mail for advice. Keeps open Hollywood house for high- and low-brow; likes his daily golf; limits his drinking to beer; likes to read Westerns; is a devout Catholic; has gone Ireland so thoroughly he doubts whether he'll ever go Hollywood. . . . Joe Schildkraut's been a couple of stars, both stage and screen. A Dreyfus boy all his life, he was born March 22, 1895. Paw was the famous Rudie Schildkraut, great actor. Toughest task for Joe in this was to have his feet anointed with molasses, then have ants crawl over them. Joe hates ants. . . . Biggest pest on sets were the candid-camera bugs, who snapped and darted away, followed by pained expressions. It's getting so that movie people now take pictures on their days off. . . . Vladimir Sokoloff is Russian, Moscow bred; can dance, jujitsu, juggle, get around on gym machinery. Wants you to know his name's spellable with a wubble-you or a wee. To get him to look like Cézanne they painted his features into Cézanne's self-portrait, then made him up like the famed dauber. . . . Harry Davenport's been on the boards for sixty-six years, besides being uncle to the peaceful, headline-shy Barrymores. . . . Will Dieterle is 6 feet 4, over 200 pounds. Lives on a breakker of fruit juice, a lunch of salad and bran muffin, and a sumptuous supper of three veggies. Breaks down after every pic. Is camera-shy; refuses to be snapped alone. . . . Gil Emery, who hit B'way hard once with *Tarnish*, is writing *High Polish*, a sequel. . . . Newie lushy Gloria Holden has Konrad (*The Wanderer*) Bercovici, Jim Tully, Frank Scully, and Nat Ferber as press agents. Likes their prejudiced adulation rather than the ordinary press-agent lies. . . . Though his great-uncle was Prexy Hayes and his paw was a Civil War hero, this is Grant Mitchell's first shot at character, the Tiger of France, Clemenceau, and his most exacting role. . . . All those Fronsh soldiers are recruited from a regular Hollywood screen army, which trains just like any other army, can fight in any tongue or uniform. I question their effectiveness in real war: though killed, they'd want to get up and go home after the battle was over. Many, however, are real veterans, and, what with government pensions and studio wars, make about \$200 a month. None of these ever admit to having been privates: all were officers in real war. All the Russians, of course, were generals. . . . Yes, picture is in the million-dollar class, which means it's got to make about two millions to break even. After that it's all gravy for the Warner Brothers' bank roll.



**THEY GOT ME, PAL—IT'S Bug-a-boo!**



*Flies and skeeters spread disease,  
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Bug-a-boo will do the trick  
Nice and neat and sure and quick.*

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## This Insect Spray Ends Insects Faster—Does a Thorough Job!

WHEN YOU SET out to get rid of insects, do a thorough job. Use Bug-a-boo. It's fast—sure. Powerful against insects, it's harmless to everything else.

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GOOD  
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### BUG-A-BOO MOTH CRYSTALS

These powerful crystals give your closet a saturated air which kills destructive moth worms that ruin clothing.



G'BYE BOYS! IT'S

# Bug-a-boo

SOLO BY LEADING STORES AND MOBIL OIL DEALERS

**KILLS FLIES • MOSQUITOES  
ROACHES • ANTS • MOTHS**

## ★ ★ ★ KING SOLOMON'S MINES

**THE PLAYERS:** Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Roland Young, John Loder, Anna Lee, Makubalo Hlubi, Arthur Sinclair, Sydney Fairbrother, Ecce Homo Toto, Robert Adams, Frederick Leister, Alf Goddard, Arthur Goulett. Adapted by Ralph Spence from the novel by Rider Haggard. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Produced by Gaumont British. Running time, 80 minutes.\*

**H.** RIDER HAGGARD was one of the favorite authors at the turn of the century. He wrote romantic adventure, swift in movement, not over-reasonable under even casual examination, not bothered with character analysis.

This fable concerns a quest for the lost mines of King Solomon somewhere in a mystical mountain fastness of darkest Africa. There are three redoubtable Englishmen, all brave reckless fellows, and a lovely Irish colleen seeking her father, who has ventured ahead on the same quest. Their guide, a great black stalwart young god, is the deposed king of the country they are invading. Your Beverly Hills recommends the moment when the adventurous foursome find the chest of diamonds in what is practically the vest pocket of a volcano.

The whole thing is preposterous fancy, but, once you are in the spirit of the fantasy, you will find the yarn to be fast moving and not a little exciting. It is the best film of this sort since *Trader Horn*. Made in England, with African atmospheric shots spliced in, it shows that the British are learning Hollywood's best tricks.

You will like the colored singer-actor, Paul Robeson, as the robust singing Zulu emperor, Cedric Hardwicke as the taciturn elephant hunter, Roland Young as his whimsical friend, John Loder as a handsome young adventurer, and pretty Anna Lee as the brave Irish lassie.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Gaumont British built an African village in its London studio, then dispatched Geoffrey Barkas to Africa to simulate it, get long shots, reverse angles. Barkas found it in the Umgeni Valley somewhere in South Africa. Had to motor through rainy season with two mules as spares to haul him out of gluey mud before he found spot. It rained thirty-four days straight, once. Those are real Zulus disporting on the native heath. They worked for two shillings a day plus plenty scoff (chow) and beer—high wages in Africa. Though supposedly fierce, Zulus treated Barkas with Hollywood hospitality: offered him wives; sacrificed a ram for him, much ag'in' his gorge. They couldn't work properly lest they sang or danced prior to or during action; kept themselves amused during 'tween-shot waits by listening to a storyteller regale them with snappy stories over the field-rigged loud-speaker system; kept everybody shy of the dead momba lurking in the shade; didn't seem anxious to come to Hollywood to chauff, buttle, or shuffle. . . . Anna Lee's dotter to an English vicar who ran a boys' boarding school, brought up Anna like a boy. She ran away to a circus; was hauled back, sent to a gals' school to be feminized. It took. She switched her desires from bareback riding to the drama. She's become England's glamour girl number one, spends much time flying from far-flung location to f. l. Riding's her fave pastime. Wife to Rob Stevenson, pic's director, she and Rob've just bought a quaint home in quaint old Bankside overlooking the quaint old Thames in a quaint old part of London. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the only Sir in pictures, much to the envy of the Goldwyns, Mayers, and Warners. Kids muchly about the honor; would rather you called him Ceddie. Became a captain in France during the Great Horrible; was never wounded; played in Heartbreak House after the war; married Helena Pickard; has been Gravedigger in Hamlet without fuss. Was knighted by King George V for his theater work. Has played most diversified group of pussies in screen history.

\* Recommended for children.

Made good slowly; nobody could recognize his mug from role to role. Changes his characterizations mainly by changing his chin; throws in a new eyebrow slant, a new inflation to his cheek hollows, a different voice pitch, hand carriage. Allows no tinge of one characterization to creep into another, and nobody can say Hardwicke changes his dress suit to change his part. Doesn't care much for cricket in Hollywood when he's there and doesn't play baseball in Denham, England, when he's there. Hails from the saucy Worcestershire country. . . . Arthur Sinclair's from Dublin's Abbey Players. . . . Paul Robeson, called the Black Chaliapin abroad, born in Princeton, New Jersey, four years All-American footballer, lawyer, Phi Beta Kappan, actor, ace exponent of the Negro spiritual, has renounced his American citizenship and will become a Russian citizen and live in Russia. A great linguist, he speaks Russian fluently; has made his greatest success abroad on stage and in film. Approached to play *Othello* here with the Lunts' performance, was tabooed because of feelings about a colored man kissing a white woman. *Othello* in London has been his biggest success. . . . For once I'm not going to tell you that Roland Young collects penguins, but I am going to tell you he collects them because he and the penguin are "gentlemen of comedy, dress-suit harlequins, purveyors of humor who never smile themselves." Admits his feet, however, aren't as flat as his penguin palsies'.

## ★ ★ 1/2 NEW FACES OF 1937

**THE PLAYERS:** Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus, Harriet Hilliard, William Brady, Jerome Cowan, Thelma Leeds, Lorraine Krueger, Tommy Mack, Bert Gordon, Patricia Wilder, Richard Lane, Dudley Clements, William Corson, George Rosener. Screen story by Nat Perrin, Philip Epstein, and Irv Brecher. Directed by Leigh Jason. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 94 minutes.

**T**HE trouble with New Faces is—new faces! Hollywood, in seeking new personalities, has reached into radio and pulled out some more big names. Unfortunately, radio stars aren't always film stars.

This is a revue built around a shoe-string theatrical producer who cleans his backers with failures. He sells 85 per cent of each show to a half dozen or so, deliberately produces a flop with the money of one backer, walks off with the remaining cash. A success, with its necessary accountings, would send him to jail.

Pretty Harriet Hilliard, who stepped from the ether waves so neatly in *Follow the Fleet*, is the heroine. She isn't well photographed for some reason or other, but she turns in a pleasant, personable performance. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, and Parkyakarkus are the trio of comics from mikeland. Penner has a few amusing moments, but he has too much to do. The same thing is true of Berle, who labors even harder with only passable results. And Parkyakarkus is completely hopeless before a camera.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** It took eighteen writers to concoct New Faces. Many did a lot of lifting—of old jokes, putting on new faces. . . . Parkyakarkus is hardly a new face, having made his debut with Eddie Cantor in *Strike Me Pink*. I'm told he was christened Harry Einstein when he was Boston born on May 6, '04. Air debuffed in Boston as an ad-kidding announcer. Stumbled on the Greek accent accidentally one day; got such big laughs, he determined thereafter to be more entertaining than selling. Parky's a big radio, football, track, hockey, long-lunch, boat, California, and golf fan. During radio debuts he always wears the same brown suit he wore his first air time. Wouldn't part with it for thousands of dollars, but would like to hear your offer. Married Thelma Leeds because she was a home body but looked like a never-home body and didn't know any of the answers to his jokes. Most radio listeners think he's really Grik, and he has a parrot which speaks Grik!—so's not to disillusion them. Has become Parkyakarkus legally. . . . Thelma Leeds Parkyakarkus is a New York City gal, about twenty-four, a Hunter College gal, a radio singer by dint of lowering her voice register five notches so's to better carry the torch song. Got snatched from the niteries for the screen. Is dark, svelte, moony about Parky, anxious to make good, have babies,



roost forever in Hollywood. . . . Patricia Wilder was the Honey Chile of a national air prog; has a y'awl accent you could cut with a dish of hominy grits; is technically not a new face. . . . Despite fact she's a banker's dotter, Mary Lou Smith, twenty-year-old Bevhills High grad, is determined to make good in film. . . . Ann Miller, definitely a new face, is eighteen; debuts in this; is Houston born; danced her way out of high school into life. Benny Rubin scouted her out of a Frisco hotel show for this. . . . The new-faced Loria Brothers are seven little Mexican kids all the way from four to fourteen, products of a Mexican Hamateur Hour. . . . Bryant Sisters are protégées of the Boswell Sisters, of Pocatello, Idaho, and their faces are comparatively new, having been on them but nine, eleven, and thirteen years respectively. . . . Little Derry Dean's four and a half; plays The Bee better than Jack Benny, no terribly tough task. . . . Joe Penner was born Joe Pinter in tiny Nagy-Becs-kerek, near Budapest, Hungary; was imported here at nine, when his parents came to mine gold off the streets of Detroit. Started being funny imitating Chaplin in a nabe house amateur contest. Time made him ace comedian of the air, then a movie star. His fame as a duck salesman spread over the world. . . . Milton Berle carries his own gag man, thin man Irving Brecher, ex-movie usher. Milton haunted the movie studios of 1913; did kid bits in The Perils of Pauline, John Bunny comedies. Got introduced to radio by Rudy Vallée.

#### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth.

★★★½—They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars.

★★★—Wee Willie Winkie, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light.

## GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ **TWELVE VIRGINIA COUNTIES** by John H. Gwathmey. The Dietz Press.

A gallant and notable contribution to the literature of old Virginia. Graphically portraying, in enchanting narrative, the wonderful heritage handed down by the early settlers not only to their proud descendants in Virginia but to the Anglo-Saxon population of the great West. A truly noble American saga.

★★★ **A PREFACE TO ADVERTISING** by Mark O'Dea. Whittlesey House. Essential to advertising men and women and of more than passing interest to others.

★★½ **CHILDREN OF STRANGERS** by Lyle Saxon. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A colorful story of French-ancestored mulattoes, told by a man who knows Louisiana and its people well but who handles his plot so awkwardly that often you can fairly hear the machinery grinding behind it.

## THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD



The whole year round finds her facing life with youthful zest.

Her household work is never a drudgery. It is a service she gladly renders as a token of affection to her family.

And her family, in turn, adore her. For she is never a three-quarter wife, never a three-quarter mother!

Her friends are countless.

"Possessions" did not make her happy. It was when she learned to go "smiling through"! When she first discovered that the ordeals of womanhood need not mean pain, discomfort, weariness.

We know her!

We know her because she is the composite of more than a million women who have written us. Because for more than 61 years they

have been saying, "At last we have found happiness."

We truly believe that Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may aid you also to go "smiling through." That it may help bring you even more complete happiness.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts\* which must be endured, especially during

#### The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

\*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound



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NOW IS THE TIME TO ENTER

## LIBERTY'S GAME OF CITIES



NAME OF CITY.....

### THE PRIZES

|                             |       |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| FIRST PRIZE.....            | \$500 |
| SECOND PRIZE.....           | 100   |
| THIRD PRIZE.....            | 50    |
| TEN PRIZES, Each \$10.....  | 100   |
| FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$5..... | 250   |

### THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twelve pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Why I Read Liberty."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 17, 1937, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.



NAME OF CITY.....

**I**F you can find the name of an American city revealed by either of the drawings on this page you can start an entry in Liberty's new cash-prize contest with every opportunity to win one of the major awards. Read the rules first so that you understand the simple conditions of the competition. Then solve Drawings 3 and 4 as instructed. This will put you well on your way toward a successful entry. Place your solutions aside for safekeeping. No solutions will be accepted by the judges until the end of the contest. Now, if you have mislaid last week's Liberty, and need Puzzles 1 and 2, make use of the

### LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For the convenience of late entrants Liberty has prepared reprints of the first two drawings in this contest. These are obtainable upon written request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When they arrive you can solve them at your leisure, file the answers with the solutions to the drawings on this page, and have your entry even with the field.

**DRAWINGS 5 and 6 WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!**



# The Case of the *Grisly Flotsam* and the *Woman Scorned* BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

Author of "Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad"

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES

AND they found the minister's body floating on the surface of the bay," he remarked casually as he emptied his pipe.

The air of the lieutenants' room in the grimy old Twentieth Street building of the New York Homicide Squad was blue with pipe smoke as we listened between phone calls to Lieutenant Dingé Gomez' bizarre tale.

There was a long and rather grim silence in the crowded room, for we hard-boiled coppers hadn't liked what we had heard during the past few minutes. Finally curiosity got the better of me.

"Had he been mixing it up with that Betancourt woman?" I asked.

"Some thought so," said Dingé, "and you could hardly have blamed him if he had. She was some girl, Ana Maria Rivera Betancourt! But I always figured that somebody else had been doing the mixing, if you know what I mean."

We thought we knew what he meant, but we weren't saying anything. For the finger of suspicion, as the sob brothers say, pointed in this case right at one of our own kind—the young police officer who had been with Ana Maria on the night of the murder, near the spot in the bay where they found the grisly flotsam, riddled by gunshot, crushed by cruel blows, and gnawed by sea creatures.

The fishermen who discovered the body reported their find to Private Guzman, a native soldier who was doing duty on the launch of the 365th Infantry anchored near by. Guzman had been on post only that day, but his predecessor, one Gighliotti, had reported no sounds of shooting during the previous night.

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She said that the young policeman dragged the dead body to the bank.





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The victim, in spite of his bloated and battered condition, was promptly identified as José Heredia, a gentle little man with the eyes of a dreamer and the expression of a saint, who had been a familiar and beloved figure of the early '20s as he took his black-clad way from the humble homes of his parishioners to his own equally humble home, where he lived with his pretty young wife, Juana.

Juana Heredia's story was simple. The evening before, her husband had made a few household purchases at neighborhood stores, and had left their home about seven with the statement that he was "going out for a while." Juana, who was used to her husband's duties taking him out at all hours, said she assumed that he was going on some errand of mercy, and went to sleep.

When morning came, he was not lying beside her. She never saw him again.

Juana Heredia was a beautiful woman and young, only twenty-four, with great black eyes and blue-black hair parted in the middle and brushed back along the sides of her shapely

by the loveliness of her name, Ana Maria Rivera Betancourt.

Ana Maria's story, as reported by Dingé Gomez, was substantially as follows:

"At about seven thirty in the evening I was in El Radio Café when a young policeman I know came in and invited me to go out with him.

"We went down along the highway and came out on the fill, where there were some huge sections of water main. The officer had been carrying his blouse in his hand. He laid it on one of the sections of piping and placed his revolver on top of it.

"While we were there I saw two men coming toward us, one of them in a dark suit and the other in white. The policeman, seeing the two, flew into a rage. The man in white hid behind a pile of dirt. The policeman grabbed his revolver, and when the man in the dark suit turned his back, he [the policeman] fired three shots at him. The man fell on his side, yelling with pain.

"The policeman returned to where I was, and after having his way with me he went back and fired two more



An airplane view of San Juan, scene of the brutal murder.

head. She had the vivid beauty of the Latin race to which she and her late husband belonged.

She gazed at her questioners out of weeping eyes, told her story to the accompaniment of heart-rending sobs—the perfect widow bereft, on the verge of emotional collapse.

The baffled officers were about to leave the Heredia abode when a neighbor woman, one Eugenia Crespi, who had called to console Juana and see what she could see, discovered in a corner where Heredia was wont to hang his clothes a faded Christmas card on the back of which was written, apparently in the dead man's handwriting, this message:

My wife, do not worry. I am taking my own life.

Now, it might be that this scribbled word, clearing up as it purported to do the entire tragedy, might have been accepted as final if it hadn't been for the young girl whose loveliness of face and figure was exceeded only

shots into the body. Then he caught it under the arms and, dragging it to the canal bank, heaved it into the water."

The officer's story differed from Ana Maria's in several important particulars. He admitted that he had known the girl for some time. In fact, he had only recently arrested her for theft. The case had not come to trial. Shortly after seven on the evening of the tragedy she approached him, with a great air of mystery, and told him she had something to tell him that would be of interest to him.

"Thinking she was tipping me off to some violation of the law," said the young man, "I followed her. Presently she began telling me that other policemen were friendly to her but that I was inclined to persecute her. And then she tried to put her arms around me. I pushed her away and hurried off."

Here was a version of the affair certainly as plausible as the one told by beautiful Ana Maria. But the



police officer was young and romantic-looking, and Ana Maria was ravishing and apparently not too difficult. The press, which was getting fed up with the police's inability to solve the mystery and was therefore greatly intrigued by suspicion falling on a policeman, preferred to believe the worst. The patrolman was forthwith thrown into jail and held for the murder of José Heredia.

It was natural, of course, that the young officer's associates should look on this apparent "railroading" of one of their number to the death house not only with concern but with skepticism. Everybody who knew him knew that Ana Maria Rivera Betancourt was no sweetheart of his; that he was, in fact, engaged to be married to a charming young woman; and that he was, besides, a thoroughly honorable and reliable young man.

There were several more tangible reasons for disbelieving the story of the Betancourt woman.

She had said that the young policeman dragged the body of the dead man to the bank and heaved it into the water. Now, the bank at this point was composed of soft mud. No one could have approached the water, let alone drag a corpse to the water's edge, without leaving unmistakable marks of his presence. There were no such marks.

ANA MARIA also said that her escort had "grabbed" his revolver and shot the man in black. Since the officer was in uniform and on duty, it was to be supposed that the revolver he was carrying was the usual police .38, a weapon which shoots a lead bullet. The bullets which had passed through the body of the dead Heredia were of larger caliber and steel-jacketed.

"If that was so," I ventured, "the police must have known he didn't do it."

"Sure!" said Dingo. "But how could they prove it?"

"How *did* they prove it?" shouted a chorus of bass voices.

"I wouldn't know," replied Dingo Gomez mysterious-like. "It was about that time that I left the island."

"Island? Where did you say all this happened?"

"Puerto Rico."

I had seen Gomez around for so long—nigh on to twelve years now—that I had almost forgotten that he had come to us originally from somewhere down toward the equator. That's how he got his name Dingo. He was a white man, all right, just Spanish or something like that, but he was so doggone tanned by that hot sun down there that he looked almost like a Negro.

I had quite forgotten Dingo's story when, several weeks later, I got home to find the missus was waiting for me with a gleam in her eyes and two printed sheets of paper in her hand.

"See these?" she cried. "They're steamship tickets—for our vacation."

I took the papers from her and looked at the name of the place that



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had been stamped in red ink. Believe it or not, brother, it was Puerto Rico.

I didn't say anything. But I had my ideas.

A week later, as we slipped into the unruffled waters of San Juan harbor along with a couple of hundred other American tourists who had just learned that they owned a place called Puerto Rico, those ideas began to take form.

"San Juan's battlements"—the missus was reading from her guidebook, as she had been ever since we passed Sandy Hook—"are a hundred feet high and thirty feet thick. They have outlasted the power that built them, to give the United States its only completely walled mediæval city."

"Just think, it's mediæval!" she sighed.

I NODDED, but without enthusiasm. I may be an old-timer, but the Middle Ages were before my time. Right now my mind had gone back only as far as April 7, 1925, and stuck there. For my eyes had long since left the sapphire-tinted, palm-fringed bay to seek out a dank and dismal backwater in a tangle of weeds and swamp grass and stunted mangrove trees—the scene of the horrible and baffling mystery of the murdered minister, the suspected cop, and Ana Maria Rivera Betancourt.

Although the case was a dozen years old, people in San Juan were still talking about it. No one on the whole island had commanded greater respect or truer affection than José Heredia, the sweet-faced minister of the gospel, who had not lived off the contributions of those to whom he ministered but had supported himself by accepting any odd job that offered itself. Practicing in his own life what he preached for others, he had apparently incurred the ill will of no one.

In spite of the sincere public grief and the natural interest of the police in clearing one of their own number, the case had seemed a closed one until, one day, news reached Headquarters that a watchman on the near-by San Juan Highway, then nearing completion, had heard shots, and that he and his men had observed mysterious nocturnal doings which might help to explain the tragedy.

About eight o'clock on the evening of the 6th, a woman had been seen standing near some sections of iron water mains on the unfinished highway, in earnest conversation with a uniformed policeman. Presently the pair parted, the woman walking in one direction, the policeman in the other.

Half an hour later, at this same point—where the highway ran close to the bayou in which Heredia's body was found—the watchman observed a soldier walking arm in arm with a woman along the highway in the general direction of an anchored launch, followed about ten minutes later by a lone man dressed in black.

An hour passed. Then came loud reports, gunshots, from somewhere be-

tween the water mains lying beside the highway and the launch anchored in the bayou.

That was all that Colonel Lewis, commander of the Insular Police, and "Mac" MacManus, head of the Detective Bureau, were able to discover near the scene of the horrible tragedy.

Promptly thereafter a development occurred in the life of the stricken Heredia household which, in a less romantic land, might seem impossibly bizarre. Each day while Juana, the widow, was at her devotions, there appeared by her side a smooth-faced, soft-voiced young man of perhaps twenty-nine or thirty, who told the moaning Juana that he was an old friend of her late husband, and also, by a happy chance—since her nerves were obviously so frayed—a salesman of drugs.

Time came when Juana, her nervousness vastly alleviated by the potions supplied by her new friend, looked forward to his coming at the hour of devotions quite as much as she did to the comfort she hoped to derive from on high. He was a pleasant-spoken young man, this Tuto, and a persuasive one. When he suggested that she might get additional relief by attempting, with his help, to converse by spiritual means with the departed José, she readily agreed.

Now, Tuto was a detective; and he had not presented himself to the widow until his superiors, after long and circuitous investigation, had reached the conclusion that sad-eyed Juana was neither so devout nor so devoted as she seemed. As Colonel Lewis explained it:

"Heredia had not been the first recipient of Juana's love, and, if certain reluctant admissions made to our detectives were true, he hadn't been the last. Our task was to find out who this last lover had been."

Juana's neighbors, especially her women neighbors, were not averse to telling what they knew. There had been the time when the good parson, about to call for his wife, had chanced to glance through the open shutters of a ground-story window and observed a woman he felt sure was his wife in the arms of a man. The situation had been saved, for the moment, by Juana's protestations of innocence and José's pious resolve to believe her. But quarrels followed, and finally a prolonged absence on Juana's part from her husband's bed and board.

THIS absence, Detective Cedeno of the Homicide Squad discovered, had been spent in an interior settlement, where she had received frequent visits from a husky gentleman quite different in appearance and manner from the gentle Heredia—in garb also, since he frequently appeared in the get-up of a soldier.

Juana later moved to a suburb of San Juan, close by the scene of the subsequent murder. Here the visits of the mysterious stranger continued.

After a time Juana returned to her home, presumably at the urgency of the forlorn and devoted José. The



stranger, however, was known to have been hanging about right up to the time of the murder. So police authorities were convinced that if the name and whereabouts of this man could be established they would have taken a long step toward a true solution of the murder mystery.

This was where Tuto came in. He had already won the confidence and gratitude of the woman by drying her tears and restoring her health. Now, in the exaltation of attempted séances, he was able to put to her questions which concerned her most intimate life, and to obtain answers which showed that Juana's current lover at the time of the tragedy was none other than Fido Gighliotti, the native soldier who had been on duty that

suggested that he kill the parson before he himself was killed. On the day of the tragedy she came aboard the launch he was guarding, and told him they simply had to get rid of Heredia, and that if he didn't kill him she was going to have to do the job.

After telling him this in the morning, she came in the evening with Heredia and hailed Gighliotti from the shore. He rowed to the beach in a small boat and brought them aboard the launch. There, without more ado, Juana drew a pistol and fired the first shot. Gighliotti then took the pistol from her and continued firing. Heredia fell across the gunwale, thus bruising his head. Juana helped to push the body overboard; then she went ashore and

### ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The Old-Timer, from Police Headquarters, has told many a famous tale in the pages of Liberty.

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night on the launch in the bayou.

The Insular Police, relieved by this development but still far from being able to prove a charge of murder, were at last able to reconstruct the events of the evening of the killing in a logical manner.

The young policeman and Ana Maria were the first couple, who had engaged in earnest conversation, parted, and walked off in different directions. Fido Gighliotti and Juana Heredia were the second couple, who had walked arm in arm in the general direction of the launch. Heredia, jealous and pursuing, was the figure in black.

Gighliotti, the military authorities said, had obtained leave from his duties. They knew nothing of his present whereabouts. Neither did the police until after Juana's eighth and most successful session with the spirits, when Tuto was able to supply the information which sent Mac and Capo, one of his detectives, roaring along the Caguas road into the interior. In no time at all the runaway soldier was facing his former inamorata and present accuser, the revived and thoroughly spiritualized Juana.

At first Gighliotti denied that he even knew the minister's widow. Then, seeing the mounting mass of evidence against him, he did what he could to save himself by smearing her with the blame for the crime.

After deserting Heredia for him—this was his story as related by Colonel Lewis—she began telling him that her husband was spying on him with the intention of murdering him, and

started home. The suicide message on the Christmas card was written by Juana herself.

Juana's story of the events leading up to the slaying was, according to Colonel Lewis, quite different:

On Sunday, the day before the murder, she saw her husband and Gighliotti pass the house. The next afternoon Gighliotti returned and told her he had found a job for Heredia to do. He said he would be guarding the launch that night and he would expect her husband to come aboard the launch to talk to him about the new job.

When Heredia came home that evening she gave him Fido's message, and that night he started for the launch. He had barely gone from the house when, so she said, she had a feeling that all was not well, and followed him. Cut off by traffic, she was delayed, and when she could follow, he was far ahead on San Augustin Street.

At last he reached the tiny wharf. Fido came from the launch for him in a small boat. She arrived at the wharf just in time to witness the murder of her husband.

From the water's edge she saw Gighliotti strike Heredia with a club. Her husband fell, and Gighliotti shot him several times—she didn't know how many—and then beat his brains out. She cried out, "Sainted Virgin—he has killed him!" Gighliotti heard and called out from the launch, "And if you ever tell, I'll kill you too!"

There were obvious discrepancies

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in both of these stories. For example, Gighliotti said that Juana came with Heredia and hailed him from the water's edge; and Juana said that she had followed alone at some distance behind her husband, and had arrived at the water's edge just in time to see his horrible death.

Neither could have been speaking the truth, since the watchman, who was an impartial witness, had already stated that he had seen a woman on the arm of a soldier, followed, ten minutes afterward, by the black-clad figure of the minister.

But, of the two, Fido's story was by far the more disingenuous.

He said that Juana "drew a pistol" and fired the first shot, and that he then "took the pistol from her and continued firing." All of the bullets discharged into the minister's body were steel-jacketed .45s of the type fired by the revolver which was part of his own regular equipment. It was a fair assumption that Juana could not have owned such a military weapon and carried it that night to the water front.

This assumption was made more than "fair" when four of these identical .45-caliber bullets were found actually missing from a clip designed for eight which was found in Fido's own service automatic, which he had taken the trouble to hide away from inquiring eyes in his locker at the company barracks.

Fido Gighliotti was obviously and confessedly guilty. Juana Heredia's part in the conspiracy, if there was a conspiracy, was less clear.

She had been guilty of unfaithfulness to the dead man with the man who killed him. That was provable; but adultery is not proof of murder. If it was, us fellows on the homicide squads of the world would be a lot busier than we are now! Moreover, there is still a tendency, even in official circles, to give the woman the benefit of the doubt when the alternative may be hanging by a rope.

The trial jury could not believe Fido's preposterous version of the crime. Obviously, they didn't. But they may have thought that there was something in his claim that the woman tempted him and he did kill. For they didn't hang him, as, it seems to me, he deserved, but sentenced him to life imprisonment.

And what of Ana Maria Rivera Betancourt?

What indeed!

The missus says I'm a sucker for pretty names—and pretty girls. Maybe so. I married *her*, didn't I, though I can't say her name was so pretty, at that! Anyhow, in my sickly sentimental way, I was glad to know that there seemed to be extenuating circumstances in Ana Maria's case. Witnesses testified that the girl was given to vivid flights of imagination and an unfortunate gift for histrionic exhibitionism. Once she had broken down in front of everybody and wept because her father was dead. Shortly thereafter she was discovered strumming a guitar and singing the Puerto Rican national anthem, *No Pienses Mas* ("Don't think about it any more"). She admitted she had made up the story about the taking off of her old man.

I spoke to the missus about Ana Maria's affliction, explained that that was why they let her off with only two years in the Presidio. I can't say the missus was very sympathetic.

"Just a woman scorned!" she said.

Anyhow, it is some satisfaction to know that the cowardly slayer, who was quite willing to let another man go to his death for the crime that he himself had committed, is still languishing behind the walls of one of those bastions of San Juan, which, as the missus will tell you, "are a hundred feet high and thirty feet thick!"

I wasn't until we were back in New York that the missus asked me the question which had interested me from the first.

"Who was that young policeman they thought killed the old man?"

"I don't know," I said.

It was true. The boys of the Insular Police had not mentioned their companion's name, and I had carefully refrained from asking them, but—

"You cops!" sputtered the missus. "You always stick together."

"All right," I said at last. "I'll give you three guesses."

"Dinge Gomez."

I didn't say "Yes" and I didn't say "No."

One detective's enough in any family!

THE END

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 41

1—Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen (1845-1923).

2—One thousand.

3—That of Irish and Canadian bonded.

4—Tallahassee, Pierre, Olympia.

5—The "youngest senator" would necessarily be "more than twenty-eight," since the Constitution requires that a senator be at least thirty.

6—"Figs do not grow on thistles."

7—Colón and Panama.

8—Yes, if accompanying their blind masters.

9—Jonah; Jonah 2:1—"Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly."

10—An arrow.

11—North.

12—Nothing. In June, 1935, Federal Reserve notes cost \$86 a thousand sheets, whereas the cost is now \$97.

13—By oars.

14—Guns. Small arms may be either pistols or revolvers.

15—The English Derby.

16—Tea.

17—Sheep.

18—Izaak Walton (1593-1683).

19—A vixen.

20—

*Franz Liszt*



# Why JEAN HARLOW DIED

PART THREE  
CONCLUSION

The revealing story of the secrets  
behind a glamorous, tragic career

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME  
15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

UP to the time of Paul Bern's suicide, life was sweet to Jean Harlow—sweet and fascinating and generous and easy and sunny.

Beauty and charm and wealth and fame were given her without her asking. She was born into a wealthy and cultured family. Her childhood and adolescence were singularly wholesome and carefree. Her first dream of romance eventuated in marriage—and even though marriage ended in divorce, there was more relief than anguish in its ending. Her first visit to a moving-picture studio started her on a quick trip to stardom. Her first real picture gave her a position many actresses strive all their lives vainly to attain.

Up to the time of her second husband's death, life was a succession of sunny days. She was one of the world's most fortunate, most pampered, most admired, most envied darlings.

Then, with the suddenness of the shot that killed her husband, all this changed. Life presented its bill for the happiness it had lavished, and demanded payment with interest.

Jean paid.

She paid with the coin of bitterness, and work, and courage; and, in so doing, she made herself great. She had almost finished *Red Dust* when her husband died. After many weeks of grief and humiliation and embarrassment, after weeks of seeing her name and her picture staring out of newspaper accounts of the tragedy and the scandal, after weeks of questions, after weeks of isolation she went back to work, back to finish *Red Dust*.

It was one of the most difficult things she ever did.

How much she missed Paul Bern no one living knows. She had depended on him for so many things. She had never found him wanting in sympathy or wisdom or understanding. His advice was always good, always heeded.

Sometimes, undoubtedly, she felt lost without him. But she concealed the fact. She went ahead alone—and, to her surprise, found herself growing stronger and surer with each step.

"Bern, in destroying himself, created a great comedienne," Hollywood said. But Hollywood was wrong. Bern, in taking his life, had given his widow opportunity and incentive to create a life of her own.

She was not used to living her own life. Always, in her carefully sheltered past, there had been some one to

protect and guide and counsel and pamper her.

But it was different now. She still had her mother, her stepfather, and her friends. But the circumstances through which she had passed had isolated her from them. This was a fight in which no one could help her—a fight to go on living as she had lived before.

She found the courage somewhere within her. She walked alone, and life relented somewhat. It made her great in those things in which, before, she had only been fairly good.

To the millions of her fans Jean Harlow was unchanged, except that in each new picture she grew funnier, more glamorous, more real. The critics, who had been accustomed to give her scant praise for her performances, now began to rave.

Only a few of her intimates realized the secret of the new Jean Harlow—the bloom whose roots had reached into a grave and there found strength.

Jean worked harder than she had ever worked, trying to drive sorrow and tragedy out of her mind. But, busy herself as she would, she still found long bleak nights that tortured her with memories; found dark unbearable moments that sent her flying out to seek solace, comfort, some one to talk

to, to confide in, to laugh with, dance with, drink with. She had never been much of a drinker. But now, at times, she felt forced to drink. There was laughter in liquor. There was a letdown from the strain of too much work and too much study.

You couldn't call her wild, nor dissipated. She wasn't in any sense of the word a drunkard.

"She was only a child that had been badly hurt," one of her friends described her; "a pathetic kid trying to keep up her nerve with a little gin and a laugh or two with a friend. How could you blame her for that?"

A pathetic kid! She was only twenty-one. She was a star. Her weekly salary was bigger than the annual income of the average man. She had won the adulation of the world. She had a fine intelligence, an ambitious mind, the body of a siren—and yet she was only a kid—with the soul of the average American girl.

She'd make seven pictures a year some years. There might be a week or so between pictures, a dreadful week with nothing to do. And in those weeks she wanted a night or two of fun, of unrestraint.

It didn't help. It only made things harder for her.



She played until she collapsed in front of a camera.



"Jean," they'd say at the studio, "you're a sight. You're overweight—fat as a horse. Your hair is three different shades, and each shade runs into the others. You look ghastly. For the love of heaven, do something, and do it quick! We're shooting another epic in a few days, and you've got to be in shape."

"Don't worry," Jean would answer. "I'll be in shape."

That meant starving herself, submitting to a masseuse who rubbed and slapped and pounded, lying in steam baths, spending long hours at the hairdresser's, getting another dose of peroxide on her scalp, getting her scalp a little drier. Then another plunge into work, another desperate fight with lonesomeness, another victory for the Harlow of the screen.

The more she played that girl the more she hated her. In her private life Jean went to extremes to deny her screen self—dressed in sweaters and slacks, gossiped with people the siren would never notice, covered her lovely eyes with thick black glasses.

PERHAPS she was unconsciously jealous of that girl. That was the girl Bern married, many people said—the girl of the screen. And he killed himself, some of them were crass enough to add, when he learned his wife was a very different sort of woman.

Jean's grief softened in time, naturally. And she began to hope for happiness again. Lonesomeness could not endure forever, she thought. Love might come back again and heal all wounds.

She began to think of marrying.

There was plenty of talk about her. She was seen with this man and that. Rumors, littered in Hollywood, traveled all over the world. Jean Harlow was going to marry a young millionaire yachtsman. No, it was a young millionaire polo player. Almost everybody was surprised, and a little bewildered, when she eloped with a cameraman.

His name was Hal Rosson. He had been Paul Bern's good friend. Bern had introduced him to Jean before she started work on *Red-Headed Woman*.

"He's the tops," Bern had said. "You'll love him. He can do more tricks with a lens than any other photographer in the world. And he's a fine fellow too."

Jean had liked him from that moment, and had come to rely upon him in many ways.

Rosson shot all the scenes in *Hold Your Man*, in which Jean played with Clark Gable. He shot her scenes in *Dinner at Eight*, and tried to give her some measure of confidence in her ability. He shot *Blonde Bombshell* too—and predicted its tremendous success.

Gradually Hal Rosson began to take on Paul Bern's old role. Jean found it pleasant and stimulating to talk to him, to golf with him, to ride with him.

His gentleness, his tact, his sympathy and understanding, his advice, began to dissipate some of the lonesomeness that still clouded her life.

He was an earnest, steady, studious, capable man. He had some of Paul Bern's traits. Yet he wasn't at all like Bern. There was no inherent melancholy in him. He wasn't attracted by the passionate sirens of the studios. He didn't burn with indignation at some poor wretch's troubles.

After *Blonde Bombshell* had been finished, Jean Harlow chartered a plane, and she and Rosson flew to Yuma, Arizona. There, with the pilot of the plane and a taxi chauffeur as witnesses, they were married.

Jean was twenty-two years old. Rosson was thirty-eight.

"I love him," Jean told reporters. "He's a fine, considerate, capable, honest man. And he loves me. I know we'll be happy together."

Within a year all the wise ones in Hollywood knew that the Rossons were very unhappy, knew there would be a divorce most any day.

"She was a fool to marry him," they said. "When she wanted to 'talk story,' he wanted to tell her all about a new lens he had bought at a bargain. When she wanted to rehearse a part with him, he had his nose buried in some technical magazine."

Toward the end of the year Jean was hurried to a Los Angeles hospital, where a surgeon took out her appendix.

Rosson spent most of his time in an apartment near the hospital, and visited Jean as often as the doctors would permit. But the rumors weren't downed by that.

Jean took occasion to deny the gossip.

"I'm still in love with my husband," she told everybody. "We're going to stay married."

She hoped desperately that she could hang on somehow even to a semblance of happiness. It was all she had.

Nobody was surprised when she started suit for divorce. But they had to laugh at her bill of particulars, in which she said that Rosson was cruel—cruel, among other things, in that he read in bed while she wanted to sleep.

To her intimates Jean said, "I guess I'm jinxed." She said it with a smile, without a sigh—but she meant it.

On the screen, no matter how crude or common she might be, she usually got her man and held him. Yet in her private life, in her twenty-four years, she had made three dismal failures.

Her destiny was to fulfill the wishes of other people—little girls who went into dark theaters to shut out their lives, to sit for an hour or more and project themselves into the life her shadow lived; little men who saw her in satins and ermines and felt vague beauty and knew strange yearning—girls and men who went out into the streets again subtly altered, mysteriously satisfied to live on and dream a little longer.

Her own destiny, her own happiness she could not fulfill. For she had sold her beauty to the films—a cold product that meant money in the box office. She had sold the beauty of her body, and had thrown in for good measure the beauty of heart and brain. She could not give that triple beauty exclusively to any man. It was no longer hers. That was her "jinx."

Perhaps the last few years of her life were the most unhappy of all. She was still vivacious, still funny, still the "blonde bombshell" who started the fires, still courageous—to all outward appearances. Only herself and her mother knew she had been squeezed dry of happiness. She played now, off the screen, much the same role she played on it. It was a mask, a shield behind which the wistful, seeking Harlean could hide and be herself.

LOVE was gone; let it go. Maybe there was no such thing. If there *was* such a thing, she had missed it, would always miss it. Let it go. One couldn't be bothered with love when there was work to do.

And there was always work for Harlow.

Better and better that work became. Critics noted it; spoke of a depth they had discovered in her, a tenderness, an understanding, a mellowness, a matured sympathy that was compelling.

Harder and harder she worked. Harder and harder she played. There was no one man in her life now, there was no rest, there was no let-up.

And then, suddenly, there was a man who looked a little like Chuck McGrew, and a bit like Paul Bern, and something like Hal Rosson, and a lot like Marino Bello.

He was a splendid actor. William Powell. He spoke her language. He lived the same life she did. He was witty. He was gay and debonair. He was charming. He was wise and shrewd and clever. He was the ideal companion, on the screen and off.

At first it was just a lot of fun to be with Powell. And then, day by day, and night by night, it got to be almost a necessity.

She could tell Bill Powell everything. She could lift her mask and let him see the tired, frightened, bewildered girl she kept from all the rest of the world. She could trust in his wisdom.

"Bill, I'm so careless with money. Honestly, I don't know where it goes. Will you help me invest some of it?"

"Bill, the doctors tell me it's dangerous to keep dousing my head with peroxide. Is it too late for me to change? Will the public stand for it?"

She began to take care of her money. She changed from a platinum blonde into a "brownette"—and thousands and thousands of girls changed with her, while millions and millions protested against the "outrage."

She was in love with Powell, deeply and truly in love. She knew it, but the thought didn't make her happy. She



felt that love had come too late; that even if she married, love would not last. It had never lasted. It never could. Experience told her that. And her humility agreed.

Marry the wonderful, superb, adorable Bill Powell who could have any woman in the world? Impossible. And if she did achieve the impossible, she could never hold him. Carole Lombard hadn't held him. No woman could hold him—because he was the idol of all women.

That was the great tragedy in her life—to find love at last, to find it too late, to realize that even if she grasped it she could not keep it; that if she took it, it would break her heart.

She thought it might help a little if she could get away from Hollywood for a time, away from Powell, away from everything that Powell represented. So when the fans begged for another personal-appearance tour, she eagerly consented.

Away from him she began to hope again—knowing at the same time how dangerous, how vain it was to hope.

In Washington she caught a little cold. It wasn't much but it bothered her. She recovered, but when she got back to Hollywood again, she felt tired.

"Don't starve yourself so much," Powell told her. "You've lowered your resistance by dieting."

The cold returned. It developed into influenza. The sickness lingered. She got well. But she was weak. And her teeth troubled her. She had to go to a hospital and have her wisdom teeth extracted.

She felt better, but there was a stomach ailment, and she was afraid there was something wrong with her gall bladder.

"I'm just a mess, Bill," she said. "You need a rest, Jean. You've been working too hard. Why don't you knock off and see a good doctor?"

**B**UT she couldn't knock off. She was making a new picture, playing a role everybody said was the greatest in her career. She couldn't take time out. It would tie up production. It would cost the studio too much money.

She played the role until she dropped.

She collapsed in front of a camera, and knew that the end was near.

"Call Bill," she told some one. "I've got to go home right away. Tell him."

"So long," she said to another. "I don't think I'm ever coming back."

Acute inflammation of the gall bladder, the physicians said. Complicated by brain fever. They ordered her taken to the hospital.

"It's serious," they told Powell, "but not necessarily fatal. She's young. She'll probably recover. But it will be a long pull. She's let this go too long."

Powell spent long hours in the hospital, hoping and despairing. Mrs. Bello kept vigil with him.

They were together, lover and

mother, when a doctor brought good news.

"She's doing better than we expected. She seems certain to recover now—unless complications set in, of course."

They were together when further word came.

"Uremic poisoning. It's reached the brain. We're doing everything in our power to save her, but it's a hard fight, a terrible fight. We're not sure we can win."

They watched at the bedside for hours while she lay in a coma, while doctors and the inhalator experts of the city fire department battled death with oxygen. They saw her lips form wistful smiles, or move as though to utter words. At times one or the other leaned close to her but heard no sound save that of her artificial breathing.

**P**ERHAPS until this time Powell had not realized how dear to him was this frail, unfortunate, lovely girl; had not known how much her life meant to him.

But no matter what that flickering life meant to him, it meant only suffering and work and hopelessness to Jean. Oh, it might concede her a day, a week, a month, a year or two of bliss—but there would almost certainly be frightful payment wrested for that momentary joy.

She had no will to live to see the end of this, the only real love she had ever known—knowing it must end in anguish and despair, as all her lesser loves had ended.

Her tired body and heart and brain were more than content to die, knowing they had this love, knowing its value. Dying now, they realized, they would hold that love forever and forever and forever. By dying, and only by dying, they could win an everlasting heaven.

So, after the tempest of life, a little moment of sheer glory. After the work and the worry and the tragedy of life, a dazzling glimpse into the beyond. After a weary day, peace, contentment, sleep that knows no dreams. Let the dust return to dust; love would endure.

"God shall wipe away all tears; and there shall be no more death."

Mother and lover were present when she died. One rushed out into the corridor, weeping, crying out, "She's dead! My God, she's dead!" The other remained at the bedside, finding such comfort as she could in the peace she saw on the dead girl's face.

Jean Harlow was dead, and Hollywood bowed its head in sorrow.

But still, in theaters all over the world, Jean Harlow lived and lured and laughed and loved, was glamorous, was stirring.

This was the screen girl's triumph. This was her revenge. She would not die; she could not die. A mortal had created her but she was immortal.

Jean Harlow was dead. Long live Jean Harlow.

THE END

## MEN IGNORED HER SHE WAS SO SKINNY!

—then she gained  
11 POUNDS QUICK

and new  
popularity



"When you're skinny, the fellows hardly look at you. I tried everything but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."  
—Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.



Posed by  
professional  
models

## New IRONIZED YEAST tablets give thousands 10 to 25 lbs.

**T**HOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before have recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh, glorious new pep and popularity—in just a few weeks!

They've taken this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast, which although developed and perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets which cost you only a few cents a day!

### Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and re-tested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, scrawniest people quickly to gain just the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

### Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 28, Atlanta, Ga.

**WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.**



# Vox Pop

## An M. D. Says Private Medical Practice Must Go

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Here are a few reasons why state medicine must supersede private medical practice:

1. There are one million or more cases of venereal diseases that are not now under proper medical supervision.

2. The United States has the highest childbirth mortality of any country in the world. Hospital cases are exceptionally high. A rigid government control board would soon put its finger on this social-pathological crime.

3. Ninety-eight per cent of all public-school children have diseased teeth. Most adults are in need of dental treatment.

4. Cancer runs riot. Examinations and re-examinations would ferret out most cancerous conditions if done early enough. Here is where our government could step in and give these examinations freely and without the cost prohibiting the patient from engaging in an intelligent and orderly seasonal check-up. This simply means that cancer would be practically wiped out of existence.

5. X-rays of school children reveal many tubercular conditions. These should be regularly done, so that children may have a better chance in life.

6. Tonsils and heart need constant looking after. We all know that more people die of heart disease than from most any other one disease. Infected tonsils make for dumb children.

7. Tuberculosis. This disease has come under state care to such a degree that private medicine now turns most cases, those so fortunate as to have had a diagnosis made, over to a sanatorium. The reasons are obviously clear why they have done this.

8. Preventative medicine: This must be widely fought for if our people

would benefit from this logical procedure. Private medicine can give this phase of medical advice only in a sporadic manner. Schools have practically disregarded private medicine in going after diphtheria and in some instances scarlet fever, that is, from the preventative angle. Note that the Schick test has reduced diphtheria to a degree where a case now attracts a lot of attention because ordinary run-of-the-mind people know that some one has slipped up when a case is reported.

9. Mental cases. Private practice has about given this specialty up. When the state really steps in, we can hope for much better results than we now are getting.

10. What about exercise, diet, and environment? Do you suppose the average private doctor is too much concerned with such phases of treatment as this trio of fundamentals calls for? Not by a long shot. Most people have to go to men outside of the medical profession to get the low-down on how to exercise and what to eat and when not to eat.

The fact is—and Mr. Macfadden has recognized it—the private practice of medicine has come to the end of its rope. It reached the end some time ago, but until now people did not discover it. I hold that medical and surgical advice should be as free and cheaply obtained as the water one drinks.

If the state really wanted to save money, it would pay it to pension off every private physician in this country and go to state medicine, as the resultant benefits and savings would far outweigh such an expenditure. Until we have proper supervision of medicine we shall continue to be a neglected people.—*An Old M. D.*

## IT HAPPENED IN A PULLMAN!

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Talk about your It Happened In! How about this, which happened in Scott's Scrap Book (June 22 Sacramento Union)?

A picture showed a Pullman-car interior. The caption read: "Early Pullman cars were for men only, and had triple births." (Italics mine.)—*D. S. Hays.*

## PANAMA PILOT KNEW EMERALD ANNIE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One of the New York-Boston air-line pilots was formerly stationed in Panama. He knew your Emerald Annie—the woman herself—and is enthusiastically recommending the Liberty story about her to all his friends.—*Arthur.*

## HORSE DOCTOR AND THOROUGHBREDS

PENSACOLA, FLA.—In May 22 Liberty, Lowell Thomas made the statement that a horse doctor did not know how to use a stethoscope. I overlooked this, as I knew the world as a whole was more enlightened on the education of a veterinarian than Mr. Thomas. But now the Dog Contest Editor comes out with big letters, Win a Thoroughbred Dog. There just "ain't" no such animal. Thoroughbred is a breed of horses. His statement should have read, Win a Purebred Dog.—*A. J. McCreary, D. V. M.*

[According to Webster's Dictionary, thoroughbred, used as an adjective, is defined as (1) "Bred from the best blood through a long line; pure-blooded;—said of animals. (2) Having the characteristics of such breeding."—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

## IS HE A PUNDIT?

ALBION, MICH.—J. N. Higley's suggestion that we have a Shane dictionary (July 3 Vox Pop) is good—very good. But do tell me, would you call it a dicshaneary?—*F. S. Goodrich.*

## STAGS AT EVE

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—In reference to May 1 Undress Parade and its June 5 answer, I can say that the closest Irene Kuhn has ever been to a sailor is on a movie screen.

Comparing the sailor to the bum, drunkard, etc., attending a burlesque show are just fantastic nightmares caused by indigestion. How about the banker, the lawyer, and the millionaire playboy?

Of course they cannot afford to be seen attending a burlesque show, so they go to a stag party.

Irene, if you think a burlesque show is bad, just disguise yourself and attend one of those stags.

You'll be surprised!

And as for you, Shipmate Clifford H. Gere (June 5 Vox Pop), we're all for you and proud of wearing the uniform.—*J. D. Traina.*

## LET HER CATCH A RATTLER AND START WEST

GOODSPRINGS, NEV.—I just got thru readin' a article by a gal by the name of Mary Wittney in yore Vox Pop pages, and she sorta tries to knock the male gender of the younger variety a little too strong.

Without her say-so, we all know there is a certain number of water-blooded young guys singin' bass that are as scairt o' work as a hen is o' water.

What I'm tryin' to put over is this: If this here femme wants to see a tough bunch of hard-workin' kids from eighteen to eighty, that learn to buy their own chawin' at the age o' twelve, that spit terbaccer at rattle-snakes and insult



the clean air with language that would turn a sailor's hair pink, that can turn a hard day's work without half tryin', and turn granddaddies at the age of thirty or so, where the plumbins in the back yard and the women leave town when the boys start drinkin', all she's gotta do is catch a rattler that opens on the side and start West. We'll be mighty glad to welcome her.

But I'm advisin' her to wear spurs to bed, tin underwear, and put up her hair with a hemp rope till she gets to feelin' real tough before she starts out here, or else stay home with her pansys.—*Jack.*



## A FILIPINO'S TRIBUTE TO MR. MACFADDEN

DAVAO, DAVAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—I had been educated in Spanish colleges, but allow me, Mr. Editor, to render my tribute of admiration to the weekly editorials of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, who in plain and straight English is contributing greatly in the solution of many social and economical problems which the United States of America is actually confronting.

I sympathize with President Roosevelt's government policy, but I really admire Mr. Macfadden's pen.—*Isidro S. Bastida.*

## WHERE ALL MAY RAVE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What manner of drooling drivel, tommyrot, balderdash, and namby-pamby slush do you permit to enter the otherwise sacred portals of Liberty via your most asinine Vox Pop page?



Here are some excerpts from the July 10 issue which sound like the violent and mad ravings of mentally disturbed, antisocial persons in psychopathic wards:

"When a male reaches the age of forty-five or fifty years, take him out and throw him into a pool of water filled with alligators."

"I'm going to take a two-by-four board and smash that mess he calls his brains."

"That's hot stuff. . . . Keep feeding us stuff like that. It's what we need."

"I am a water-tank town ham."

"Men who permit their women to rule them ought to be fed to the fishes."

"The disclosures in this article are most amusing, and coming from a bachelor border on the ridiculous."

"As I glance at Vox Pop it is all that is necessary to realize that all the damn fools are not dead."

Moreover, folks, I'm the latest reincarnation of Napoleon!—*James Ah-ha-say-am-o Warsley.*

## MEXICAN EXPLAINS BULLS

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO—I have just finished reading *A Matador* for Milady, by Roger Garis, in June 26 Liberty, and would like to point out two errors that are more than just slips.

The author says that the matador dedicated his first bull to an American girl. The only

justification for this was the girl happened to be the fiancée of a friend of the matador. No bullfighter, no matter how bad his ring ethics are, dedicates his first bull to a lady—not even his wife gets this honor. The first bull is always dedicated to the public, and were the matador to do otherwise he would probably be outlawed by the same.

Again, toward the end of the story the author says that the lovers were met by a bull, a prize bull for the ring, on the mountain road from Taxco to Mexico City. This is strange, you see; for bulls, specially bulls for the ring, are raised on the plains and not the mountains.

You see, my dear Mr. Garis, the altitude and mountains affect the bulls too, so they never take to the hills.—*A. G. Montenegro.*

## MEANIES GOT MIXED UP?

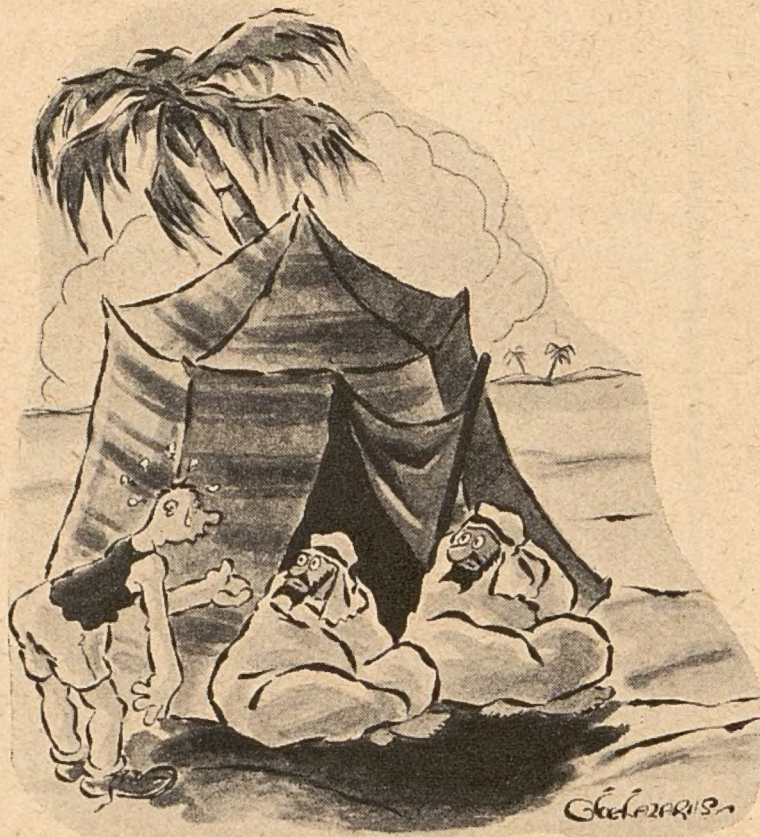
TULSA, OKLA.—Your Short Shorts are the spice of Liberty, when they are good; but when they are bad—phooey! Did you see the one entitled *A Letter from Borneo*? (June 26.) Seems Eve was intended to be the heroine and Martin the meanie. But didn't they get mixed up?—*C. M. Oakes.*

## IT TAKES THE CAKE, WE GATHER

MEMPHIS, TENN.—*Eating My Cake* (June 12 Liberty) is one of the most interesting articles it has been my pleasure to read in a long time.

It would be most gratifying to learn of your intention to continue this form of entertainment.—*Frayser Hinton.*

## FILL-IN STATION



"P----- m-, h--- y-- gentlemen s--- anything  
o- a m----- r----?"

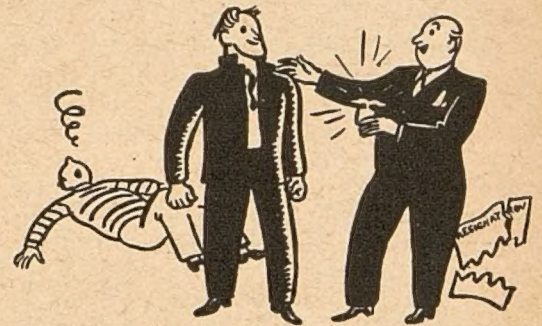
(Can you fill in the missing words? The solution is on page 66)

## STORYBOOK DETECTIVES ARE LIKE THIS, SAYS HE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Here are a few hints garnered from my reading of detective fiction:

Detectives are so cynical that they grunt whenever they find a clue.

Detectives' cigars always go cold while they are on a case, and before



they get around to relighting the stogie they chew it up and swallow it.

When a cop is fired from the force as the result of being framed by crooks, he always gets the goods on the gang singlehanded and is reinstated.

New York cops, while on badly needed vacations in the sticks, invariably run smack into some rural murder mystery.

Genuine grizzled police chiefs are always bleary-eyed with fatigue, but keep going on their second wind and hamburgers until the case is solved—fortunately for the defenseless public.

When two detectives form a partnership, one is always analytical and soft-spoken, while the other yells at the material witnesses and wants to third-degree them. He has bulldog courage, however.

When a chief of police can't get evidence against a sneering gangster but is morally certain of his guilt, he often resigns in order to take an unofficial sock at the miscreant. But the commissioner makes him put his spangles back on and tears up the resignation.—*Graph Waldeyer.*

## HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS, MR. GODWIN?

MARIANNA, ARK.—What is a bandanna? My dictionary and the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue define and describe it as "a large, brightly colored handkerchief that can be worn draped around the neck or tied around the hair." And of course on the nose when necessary.

In *A Matador* for Milady (June 26 Liberty) Katherine says uneasily, "I should have worn a hat instead of this bandanna." Blake says, "You look very lovely in the bandanna, darling." And that's that.

But he hadn't counted on illustrator Karl Godwin! So what do we see in the illustration of *A Matador* for Milady? Katherine has on her hat! A very chic one too, the brim (has a bandanna a brim?) tilted—defiantly—over one eye!—*Ethel Polk Martin.*



## Two-Minute Stories



### SOLITAIRE!

TWO men, an American and a Scot, were in the saloon of the trading schooner Wallaboo, playing stud poker.

"Raise you a buck," the former was saying—and just then the ship, a gangrened old hooker, struck a reef, the Indian Ocean pouring through her pores with a whoop of joy.

The two, the only passengers, made the deck and jumped into the lifeboat, already overloaded with the Chinese crew. It kicked away; foundered a minute later; and all were drowned except the two white men, who had caught hold of a narrow raft.

There they sat, facing each other, a thousand miles from nowhere; and presently the American suggested, "Let's go on with the game"—and he brought out the cards, which he had crammed into his pocket the second the schooner had struck.

So they played, navigating their precarious craft, making nervous grabs when a card threatened to slip into the water, keeping the score in their heads; and steadily the American won—then, all at once, he paled, pointed a shaking finger. A shark was following them!



He pulled himself together; exclaimed, maybe in bravado:

"Two to one she gets you first, Mac!"

And he won. For there was a sudden rush, a wolfish snap, a cry of despair—and the next moment the American was alone on the raft.

A gall-bitter taste was in his mouth. He trembled. He watched the sea. But the shark did not come back. So, almost automatically, he gathered up the cards for a game of solitaire—and, as automatically, counted them.

Again he counted, and again.

The same result. Forty-nine cards. Only forty-nine. Three had floated away when the shark had attacked.

So he sat there, riding on that erratic raft, all alone in the midst of thirty million square miles of tropical sea, with the sun beating down, hunger and thirst gnawing at his bones—and he could not even play a game of solitaire. And he cried—cried hysterically, like a child . . . —*Achmed Abdullah.*

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

Answer to Fill-in Station Cartoon on Page 65

"Pardon me. Have you gentlemen seen anything of a marathon race?"

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY RUSSELL SAMBROOK

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Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who visited the couple at Chateau Cande and who was Liberty's special representative at the wedding ceremony, gives you an illuminating and thrilling article about Edward and Wallie in next week's issue.

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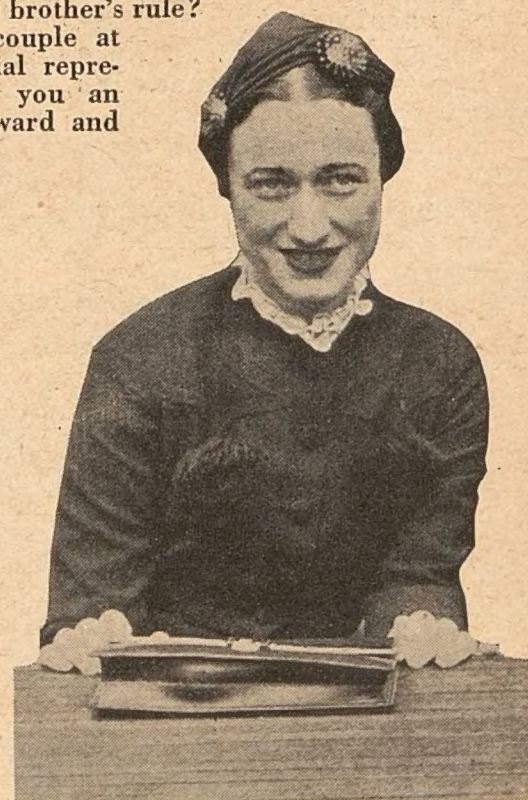
Why was the biggest man in Branchville shot through the heart while the town was listening to King Edward's radio farewell? While the little town leaps overnight to the front pages, a small-town girl reporter and a big-time newspaperman plunge headlong into blind trails of love and hate. An Elmer Davis story you won't want to miss!

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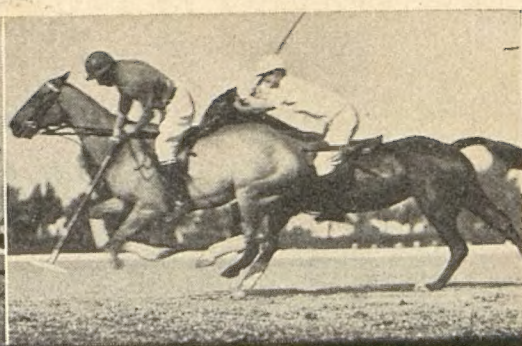
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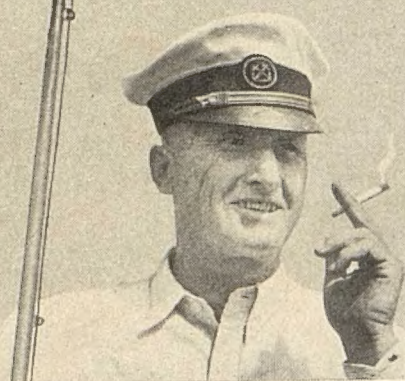


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